

CROWN ^{of} THORNS

THE POD'RAMA ZINE



*Art from a year-long recording project inspired by the
Good Omens fanfiction series **Crown of Thorns** by irisbleufic,
with excerpts from the story*

Hello From The Editor

As our project came to an end after over a year of work, we wanted to put together something special to showcase the brilliant efforts of our visual artists. Over seventy pieces were created for the pod'rama and they deserve their own moment in the spotlight.

This zine collects every chapter cover, paired with excerpts from the chapter it illustrates, as well as a selection of other art and design created for the project.

I have been consistently inspired by the dedication and talent of our team. None of us could have predicted the many ways this year would go wrong. We hope that this project has been one of the ways it went right.

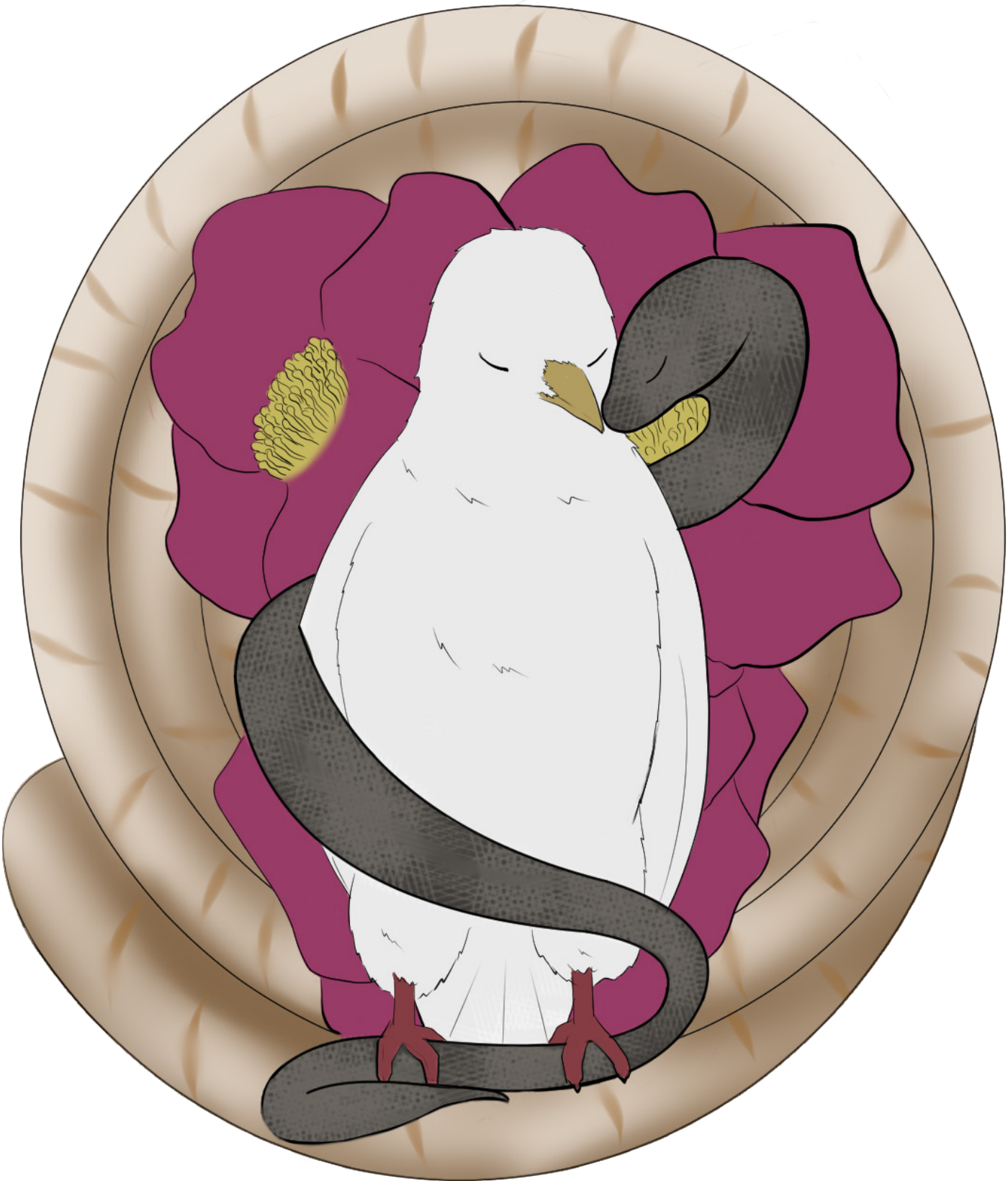
Thank you so much to everyone who made the Crown of Thorns Pod'rama possible, from the voice actors, editors, and artists, to the listeners who've joined us on this journey. A special thank you to Qwanderer and CompassRose, without whom this zine would not have been possible.

Happy holidays, and may 2021 be kind to you all.

Alec | AJM | AJfanfic
Editor, Artist & Organizer

CROWN OF THORNS PROJECT LOGO

Created by Shae-C



And while the world was not a
better place, the cottage, which
was in it, was.

It would tell you that it feels exactly
like a Home.

I

A BETTER PLACE

Illustrated by Firefly







2

THE WALLS, THE WAINSCOT, AND THE MOUSE

Illustrated by Pandi

Just then, something tiny with soft paws and silky fur scuttled
across his right foot.

Aziraphale shrieked. “*Crowley!* There’s a—”

Crowley appeared in the doorway, stricken. “Body in the closet?
No phone jack in the bedroom? What?”

“...mouse,” Aziraphale managed, his cheeks heating.

One flood is much the same as another, and they should know.

Crowley's leaning out the hotel window in nothing but his unbuttoned shirt, which he holds shut with tightly arms, whistling at the sight below. Aziraphale rolls over and blinks at the wall. One flood is much the same as another, and they should know.

"Ghost town," Crowley says. "You'd need a boat to navigate some of those streets."

"Shut the window," Aziraphale complains. "It's *freezing*."

"That's November for you," replies Crowley, but he snaps the window shut and walks barefoot over to the desk.

Aziraphale shifts quietly onto his back, watching. Pale skin and lean muscle, bony hips and ankles. Crowley's shirt skims the curve of his arse, a perfect tease in the low light. Every time they end up in this godforsaken, gorgeous city, it's near the holidays, and there's snow or some other weather-related disaster.

Crowley fiddles with the kettle, hissing under his breath until it finally clicks to life.

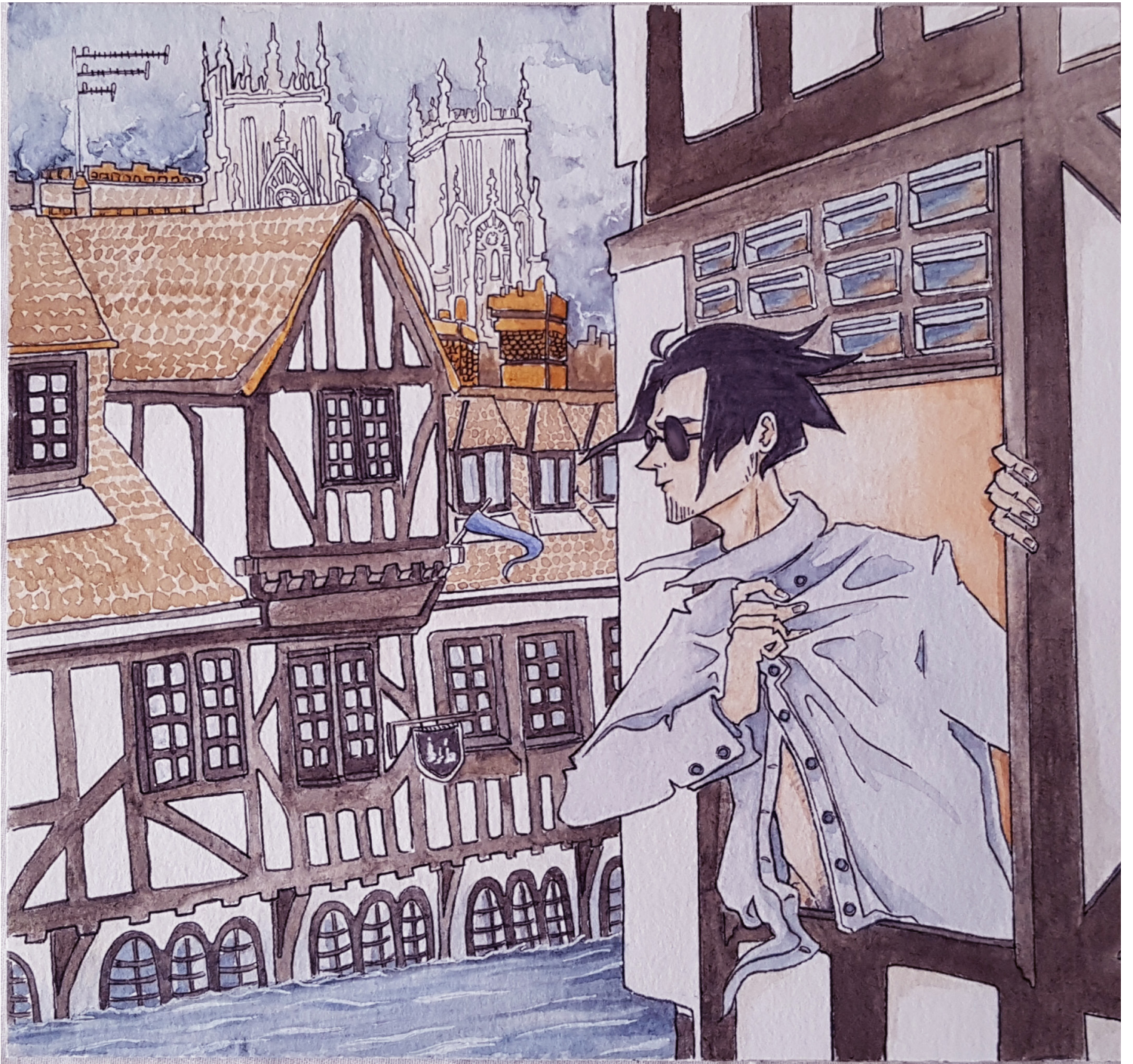
Aziraphale props himself up on his elbows, and, for one hazy, astonished moment, he can't recall how they'd got to this point: to Crowley wandering around posh hotel rooms more than half naked, watching York drown and making mediocre tea, almost completely unaware of the one temptation of which he ought to be most proud.

"Come here," murmurs Aziraphale.

Crowley turns and blinks at him, palms braced on the edge of the desk, letting the shirt fall open. Cheeks flushed and already half-hard, he licks his lips. Two years on, bedroom-talk still isn't his strong suit. It's maddening in the very best of ways.

"What if I want to come *here*?"

What he wants, though, he always gets.



HIGH THE WATER, HIGH THE WALLS
Illustrated by Grin

Sunlight crept through the blinds, glinting off the mirror in Aziraphale's peripheral vision. Flash of memory five hundred years gone, something he'd entirely forgot. But Crowley, as always, *remembered*—and why should he not?

“Oh, my dear,” Aziraphale whispered, and the rope fizzled to nothingness.

6

OUTTAKE #3

Illustrated by Catofapocalypse



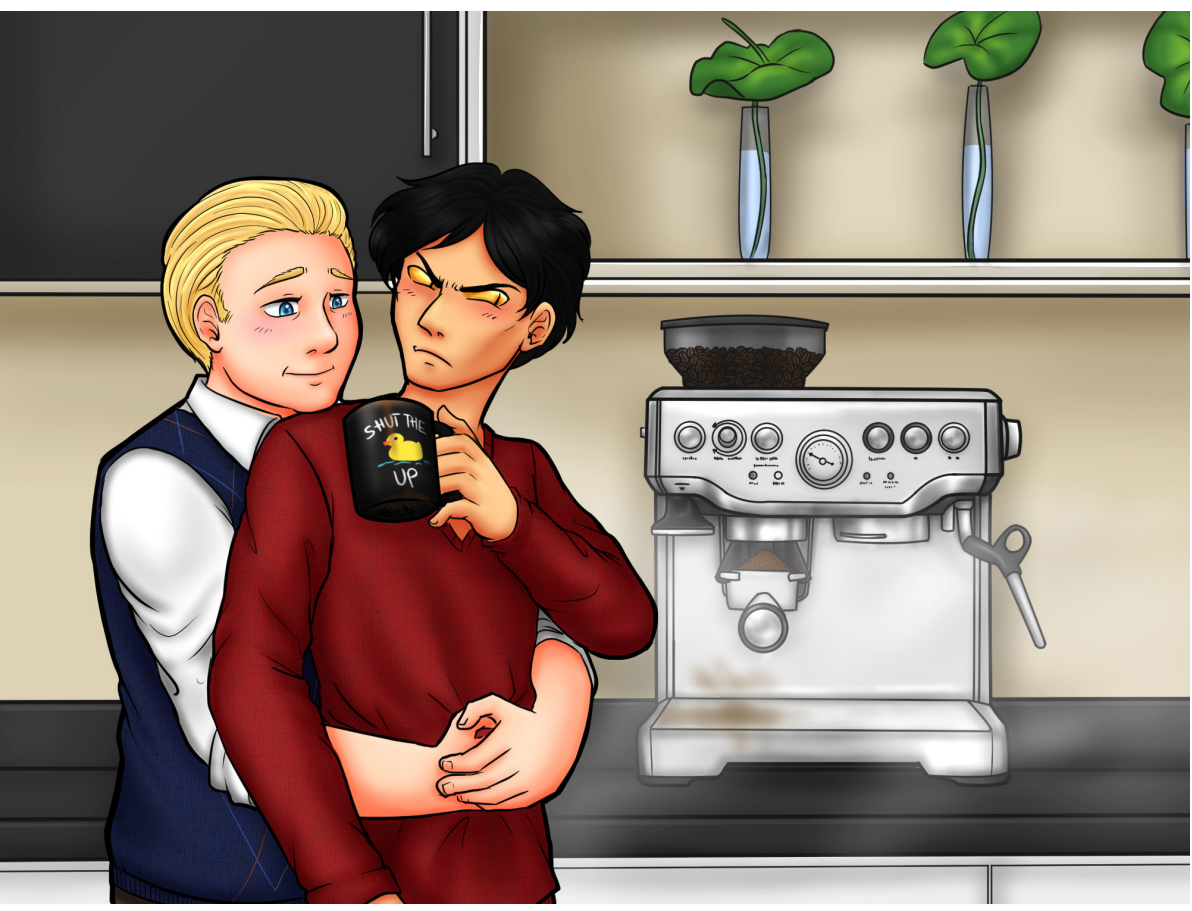
7 WHAT TO DO WHEN THE CLOCK JUST STOPS

Illustrated by Qwanderer



8 CREATURE COMFORTS

Illustrated by Catofapocalypse



Aziraphale's fingertips were covered in a thick dusting of luminescent emerald powder. His expression was stuck in that curious space between guilt and amusement. "Festival of colors," he repeated, unable to keep from smiling. "My dear, you look—"

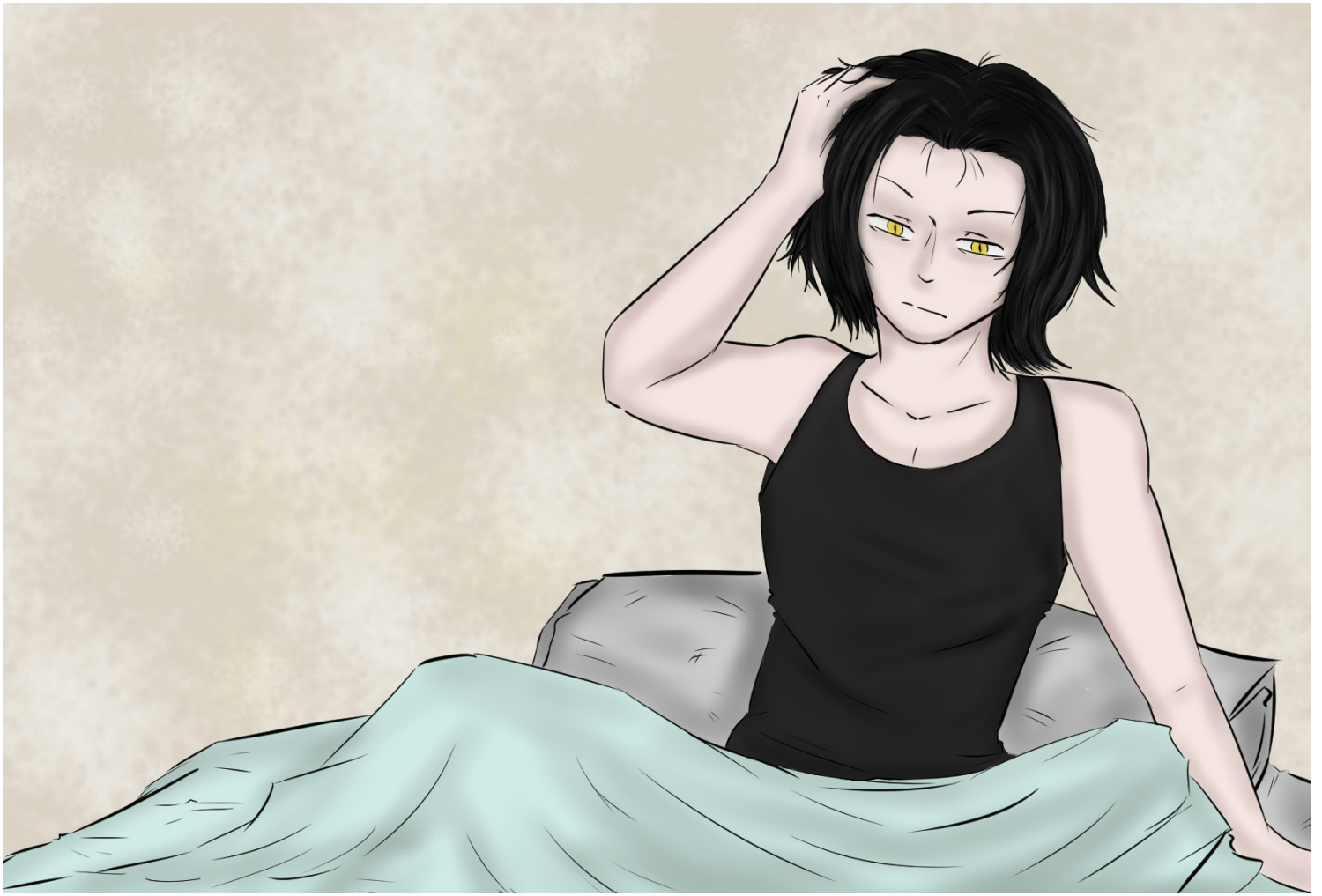
Just then, a shrieking gaggle of teenagers hurled a bucketful of canary yellow chalk at them. Crowley stumbled forward, his eyes shut tight against the grit, knocking into Aziraphale. His sunglasses went flying, and Aziraphale caught him around the waist.

9

DELAYED REACTION

Illustrated by Squidsticks





10

THE BEACH BOTANIST'S SURVIVAL GUIDE

Illustrated by Kakushimiko

Crowley closed his eyes, willed his trembling body still, and took a series of deep, deliberate breaths. Slats of sunlight poured across his cheeks, lush and golden, which answered his half-formed question of what bloody time it was.

11 MOONLIGHTING/ THINK OF ENGLAND

Illustrated by AJfanfic



They'd spent the entire evening on the water, and she wondered if Aziraphale and Crowley had realized the stretch of beach they'd cautiously approached at dusk was already occupied. She and Raphael had discovered them on strolling back up from the tide pools and kept a quiet distance.



“Your crazy is incomprehensible,” Anathema said, typing away, “but it’s cute.”

Crowley yanked the cork free of the bottle and answered her with a silent toast before following the sound of teenage wittering through the kitchen and down the hall.

13

TUTORIAL

Illustrated by Kakushimiko



14 RIP TIDE

Illustrated by Firefly

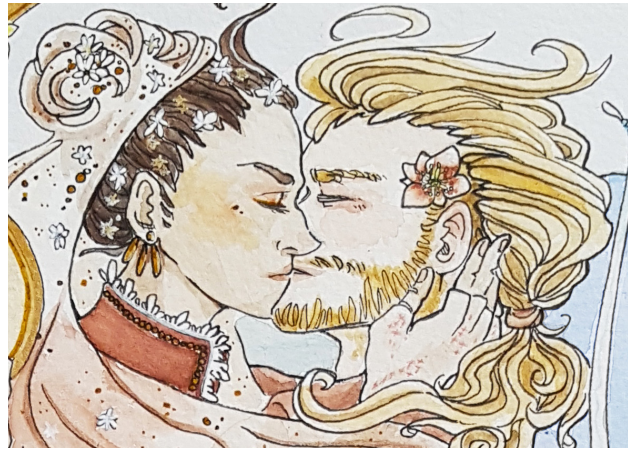


The demon grunted and peeled himself off the window; he removed his sunglasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose where they'd dug in. Aziraphale scooted up behind him, tilting his head, as the sight he was interested in now certainly wasn't outside.

15

SOME ASSEMBLY REQUIRED

Illustrated by Grin



This page, from top:
Anathema,
Raphael, Aziraphale,
Sophia & Adam
Michael, Mandy, Uriel
Pippa, Newt & Janet
and Natalie.

Crowley stared at the gold signet ring set with a piece of carnelian glass. The features molded into the oval setting were much worse for wear now, less distinct than he remembered them. He'd bought the ring secondhand from a street vendor; he hadn't even known whose likeness the glass bore, only that it had fascinated him to know someone had been devoted enough to commemorate a loved one's face and wear it. Gently waving hair and a calm, constant profile worn by centuries of care.

It could have been anyone, but now, there was no one else it could be.

They kissed for even longer than it had taken them to share the pipe.



BEGINNERS' ARCHAEOLOGY

Illustrated by Ecchima



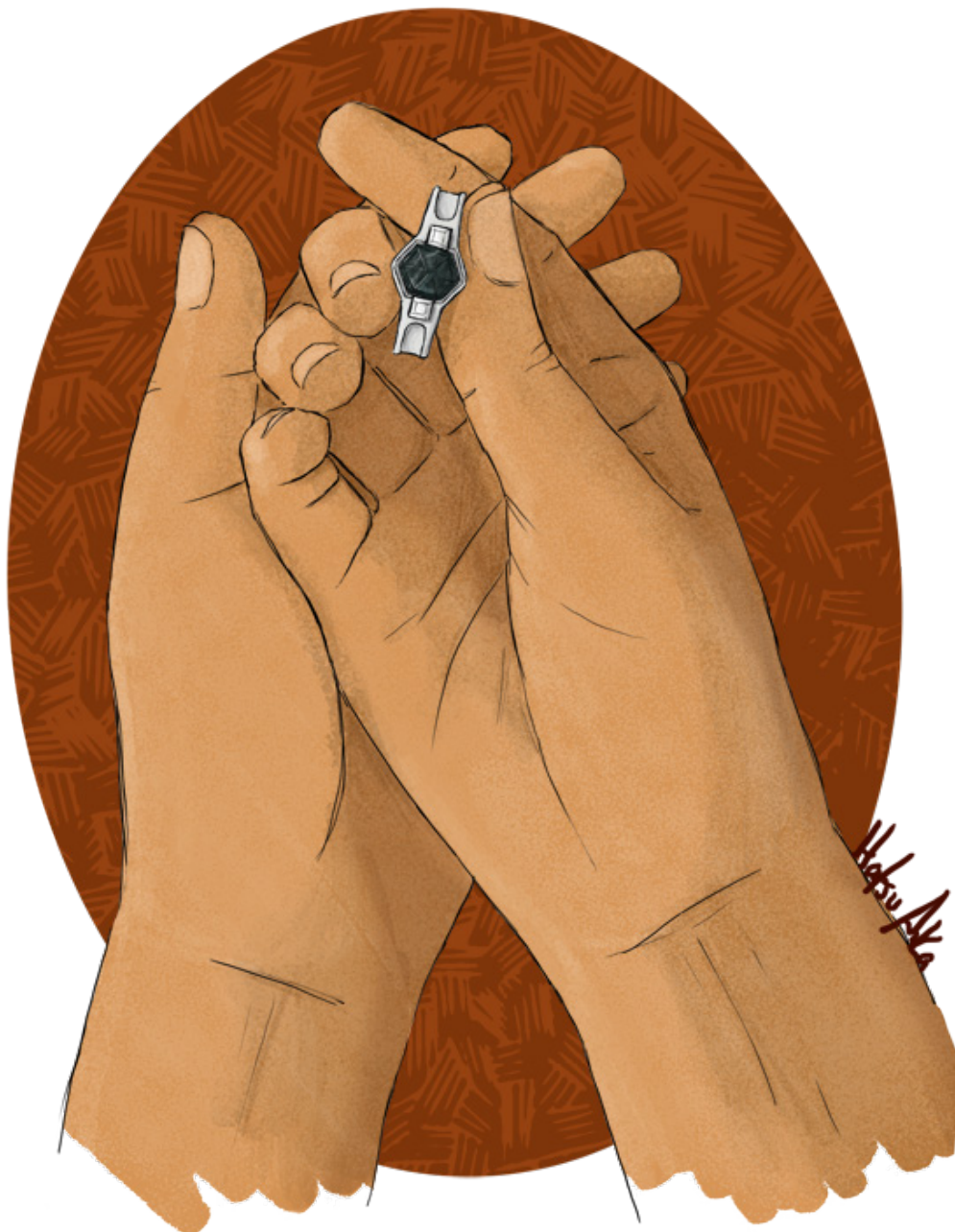


“Young man, have you been keeping secrets from me?” she asked in a delighted tone, her thumb tracing the upper arc of his ring’s gold bezel with fond care. “It looks very old,” she said, peering at the weathered portrait in the glass setting as Crowley obediently extended his arm. “A happy coincidence, I’m sure,” she added, her eyes flicking up to study Aziraphale’s features. “And a striking one, at that. Clever.”

17

MODEST, YET REFINED

Illustrated by HatsuAka



18 UNTIL DEATH

Illustrated by Shae-C



19

PENANCE

Illustrated by Dearest-Angel



*Crowley tore off a soft, white shred of croissant-innards
and held it out.*

“Oh dear,” said Aziraphale, and it wasn’t till something that was scaly and fluffy all at once scabbled at the exposed arch of Crowley’s foot that he realized why. One of the ducklings perched there, wobbling slightly. It squeaked at him.

Crowley tore off a soft, white shred of croissant-innards and held it out.

The duckling gulped it down and climbed unsteadily onto his ankle, tripped up slightly by the hem of his jeans. Crowley reached out instinctively to steady the youngster with one cupped hand. The duckling paused, nibbled on the tip of Crowley’s thumb, and decided the curve of his palm was as good a place as any to huddle for warmth.

“This is ridiculous,” said Aziraphale, in faintly amused disbelief.

Crowley heard a series of muted clicking sounds behind him, but he couldn’t tear his eyes away from the crowd of five more ducklings that had scrambled up to cluster around his bare feet and rather clumsily attempt to follow their sibling to where it rested on his calf, still sheltering in the curve of his hand, which he dared not move.

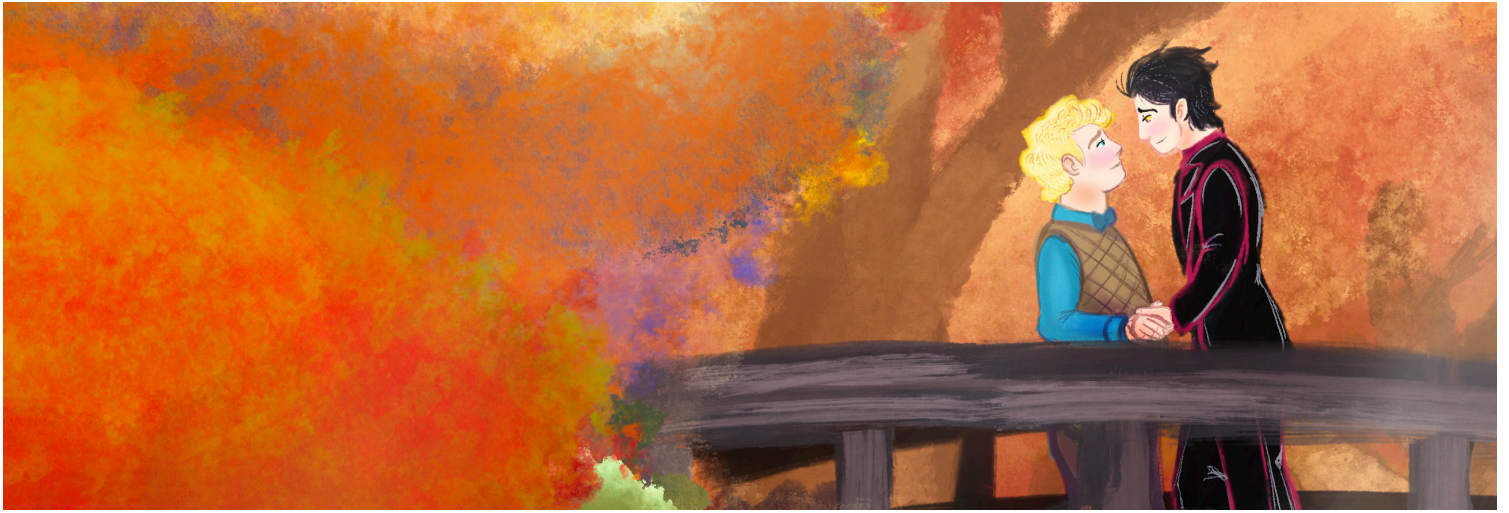
“Um,” he managed. “A little help?”

Several of the more athletically inclined ducklings had scrambled their way up almost to his knee. At this rate, there was a very real risk of them falling. He dropped the mangled pastry and used both hands to herd in the soft, nippy gaggle. A few huddled in the space between his thighs and bit off pieces of the abandoned croissant.

“Smile, my dear,” said Aziraphale, stepping in front of Crowley. He held the BlackBerry he’d acquired the week before out at arm’s length, grinning smugly at the screen. A pinpoint of red light next to its camera lens winked on and off, taunting him.

“If this ends up on YouTube,” said Crowley, stroking one duckling’s fuzzy head, “you’re not getting any for a week. And, as you know, my definition of any is pretty broad.”

Guiltily, Aziraphale tucked the phone back in his pocket.



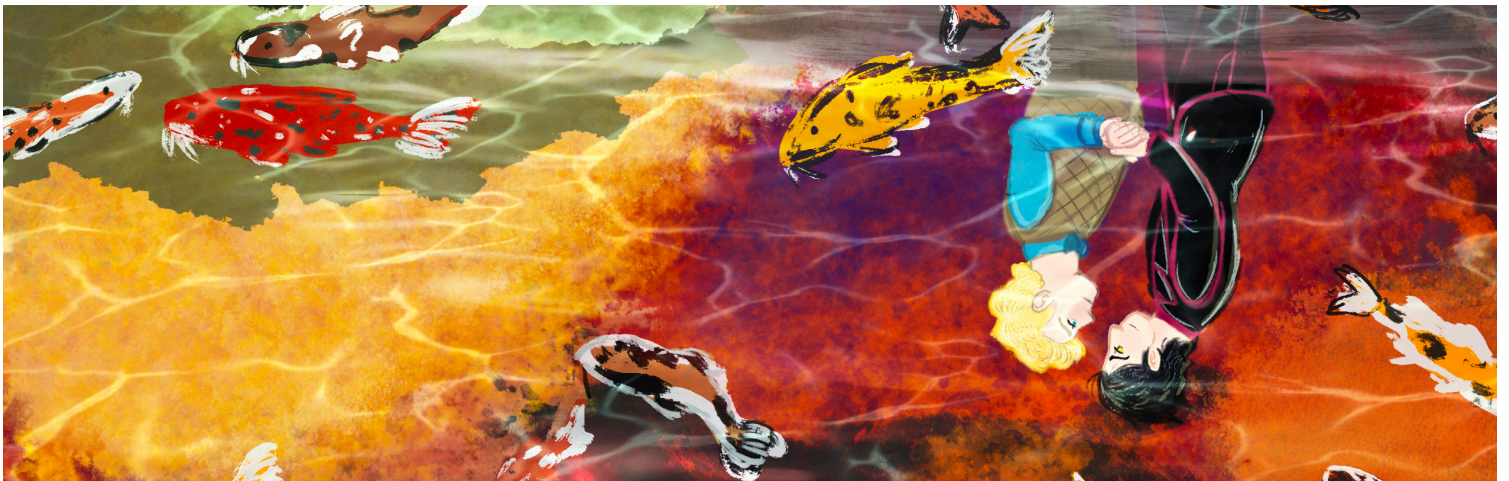
20

BREATHE

Illustrated by Mageink

They stood on the small wooden bridge and stared out over the water, entranced.

“Reds and oranges as far as the eye can see,” Aziraphale murmured, peering into their reflection just as it was interrupted by the dorsal fins of several koi. “A world on fire.”









21

OUTTAKE #4

Illustrated by CompassRose

"*Ushiro te shibari*," Crowley said uncertainly, steadying him. "Yes?"

Aziraphale obediently crossed his arms behind his back, leaning forward for a kiss.

The rope slithered from between them and insinuated itself in a series of dreadfully complex loops and twists around Aziraphale's wrists. Crowley hadn't even lifted a finger, except to take Aziraphale's face in both hands and kiss him more deeply.

Aziraphale didn't need to look over his shoulder to know that the knots

Crowley had used weren't in the book they'd unceremoniously abandoned between the bed and the nightstand back at home. In fact, if they had been pulled any tighter, it would have been painfully obvious, in the most literal sense, that the rope's current configuration had originally been designed to cut off circulation (or, even worse, extremities).

"It's all I could remember in a pinch," said Crowley, gaze lowered, one hand already working its unsteady way down Aziraphale's chest. "I'd rather see it used for something like this than for torture," he said.

Aziraphale sighed, joining Crowley at the edge of the garden.

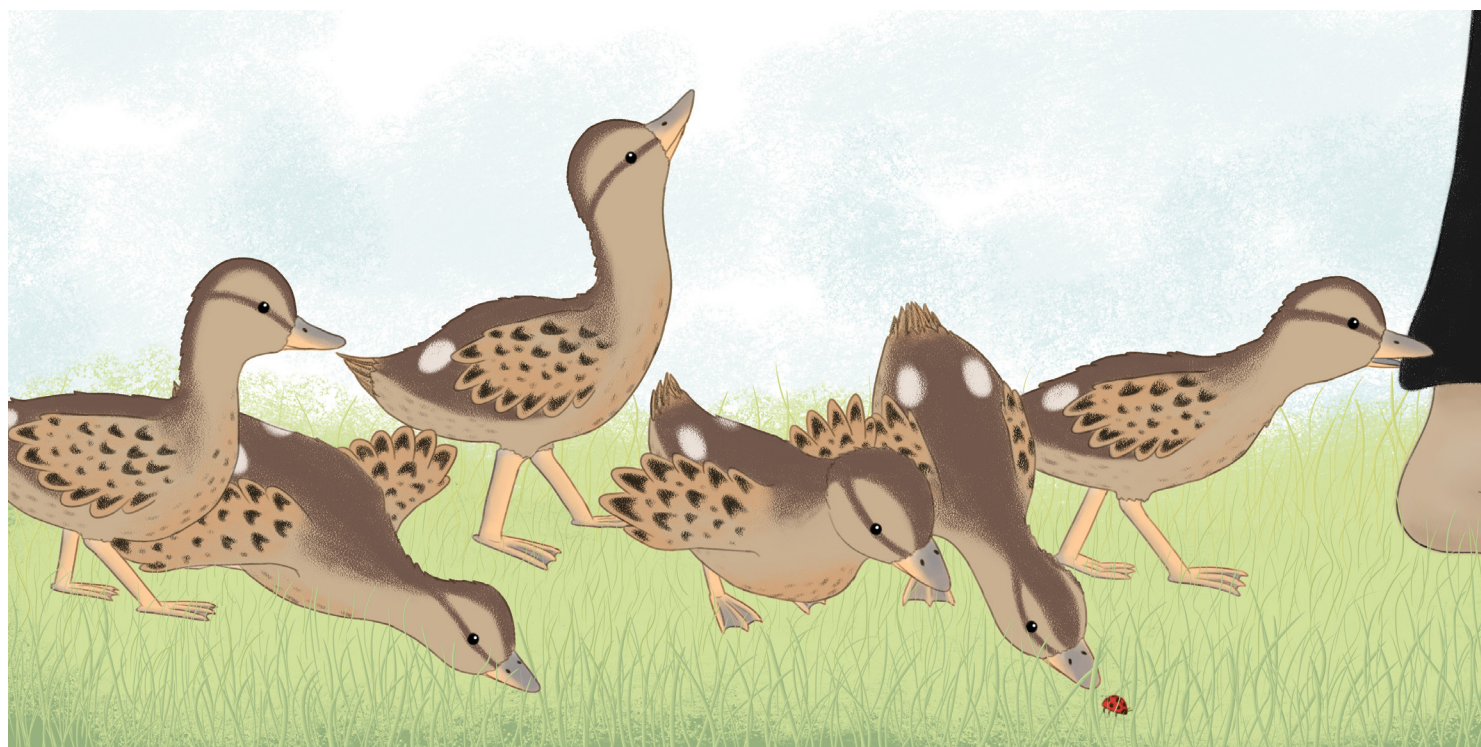
All six of the ducklings had crowded around his feet, cheeping expectantly. They were bigger now, but still covered in fine, downy fuzz.

One of them tottered over to Aziraphale and tugged on the hem of his trousers, followed by two of its siblings.

22

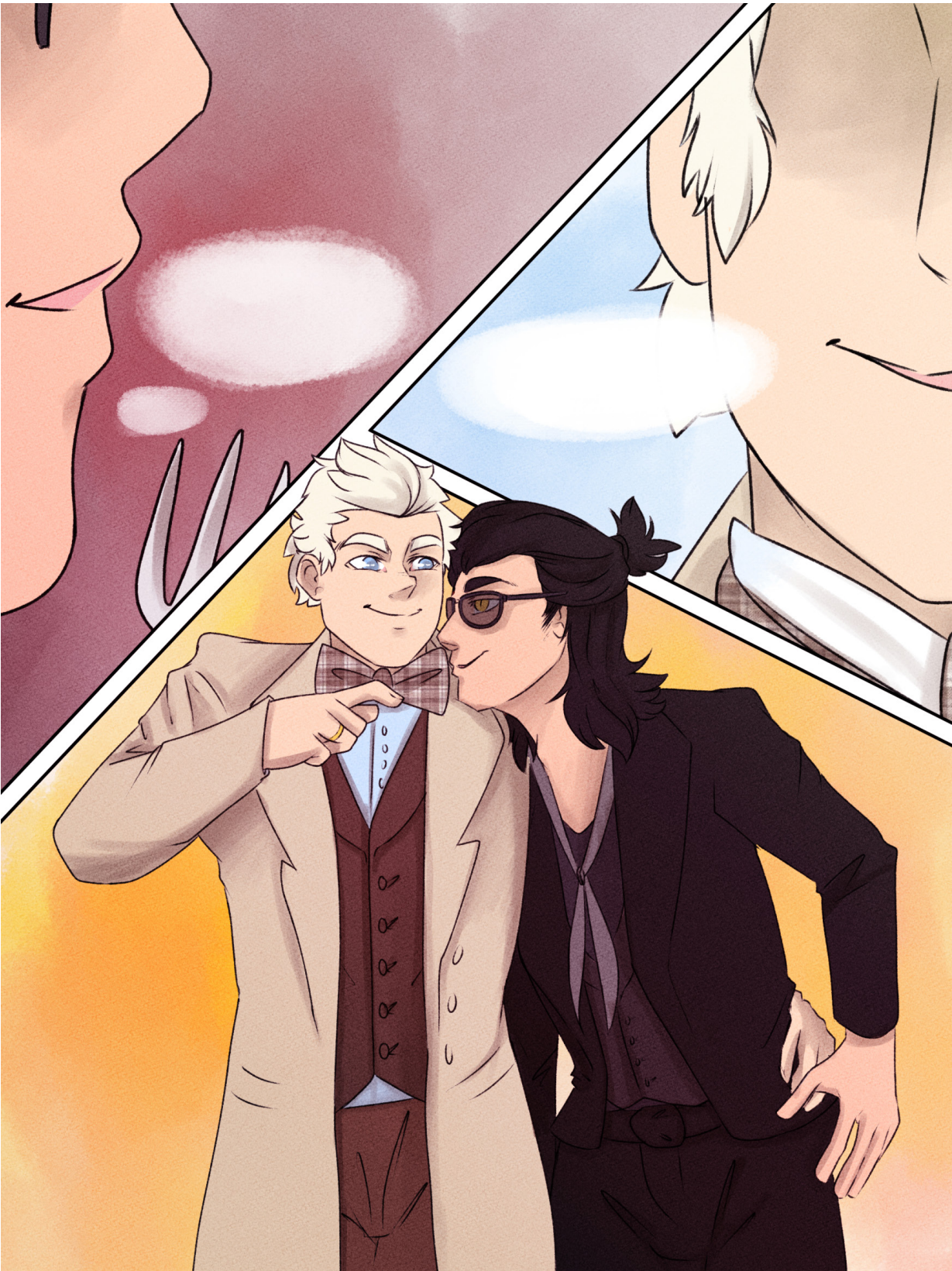
BEGINNINGS

Illustrated by Firefly



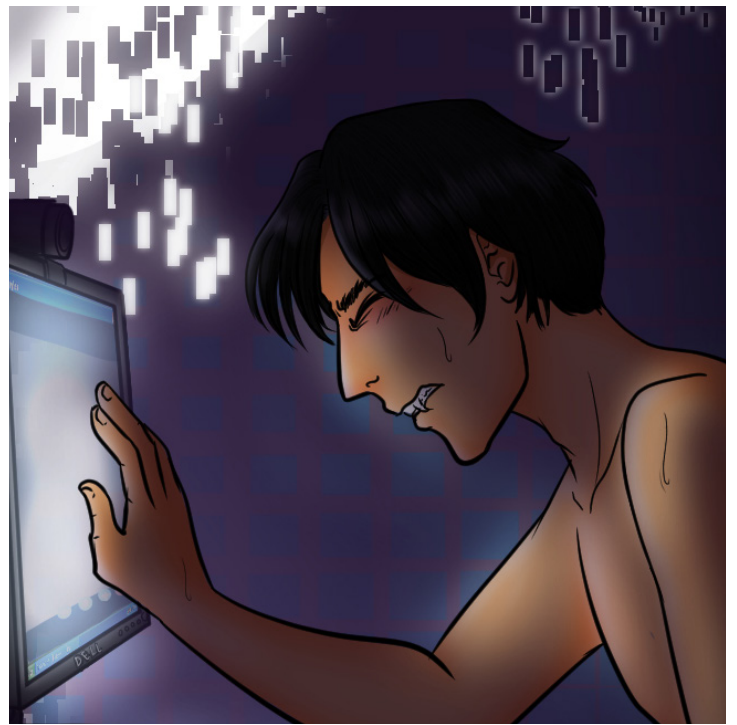
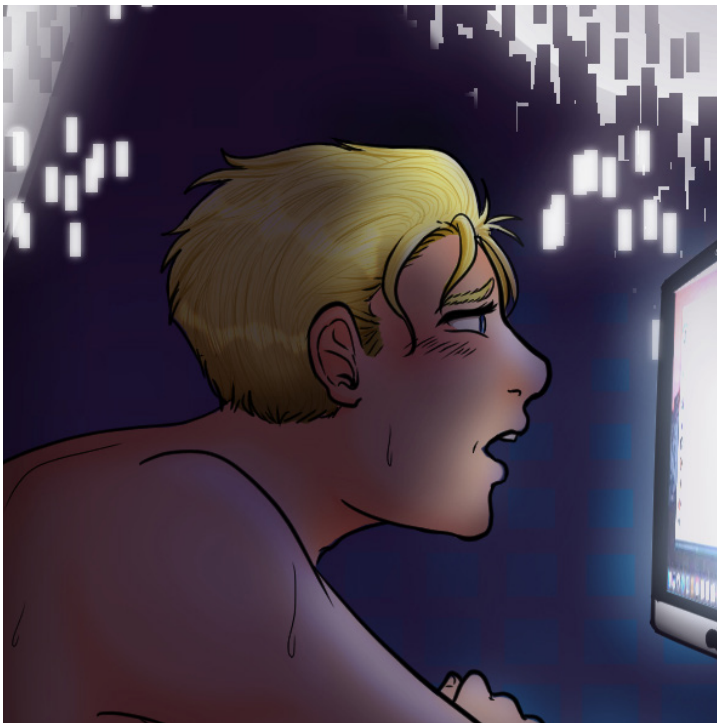
23 HAPPY ACCIDENT

Illustrated by Madcheshirefox



Crowley turned and pressed closer, resting his chin on Aziraphale's shoulder.

"It's not raining, angel," he said. "That's something, isn't it?"



24

TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES

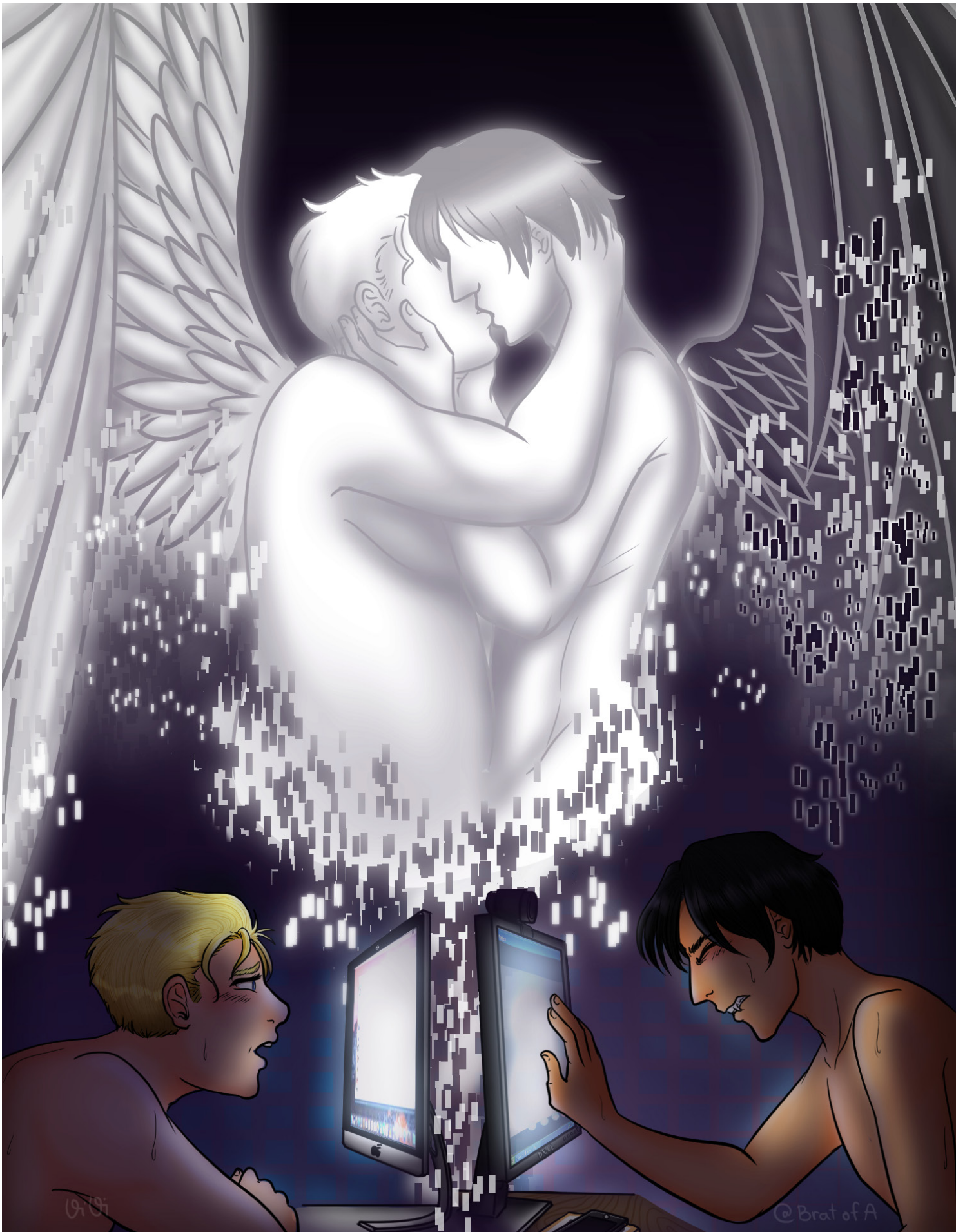
Illustrated by CatofApocalypse

“You’d better wish it was me,” he said, voice faltering as he stroked. “I wish this was you.”

Aziraphale’s eyes flew open; it had been the right thing to say, but at absolutely the wrong time. Crowley watched, dumb-struck with fierce fascination and even fiercer desire, as Aziraphale leaned forward to brace himself against the desk and, with a few more

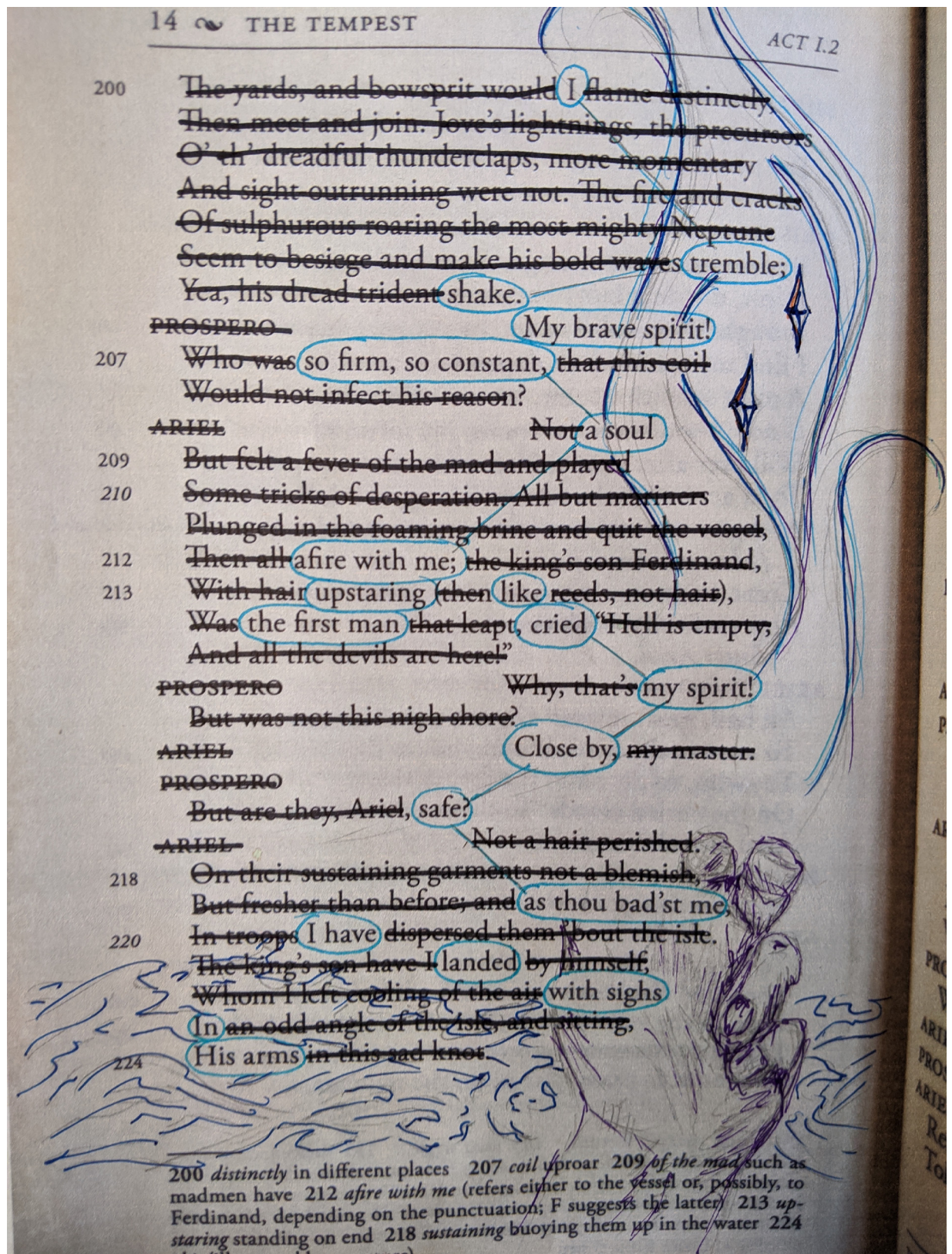
unsteady thrusts into his fist, come with a sharp, silent gasp. His own pace faltered a little even as he felt his own climax gathering; the urge to reach out was even stronger than the urge to watch, but what could he have touched except for dense, pixel-lit glass?

What he ached for was a kiss—



25 AND PARDON'D THE DECEIVER

Illustrated by Alfancic



We play them mad for each other, Crowley thought, rattling off the fate of the harbor-beached flagship and Naples-bound fleet. Constantly in orbit and almost never touching, with words upon words striving for a kiss.

THE FORM OF AN APPLE

Illustrated by Tifaria



27

AS ABOVE, SO BELOW PART 1

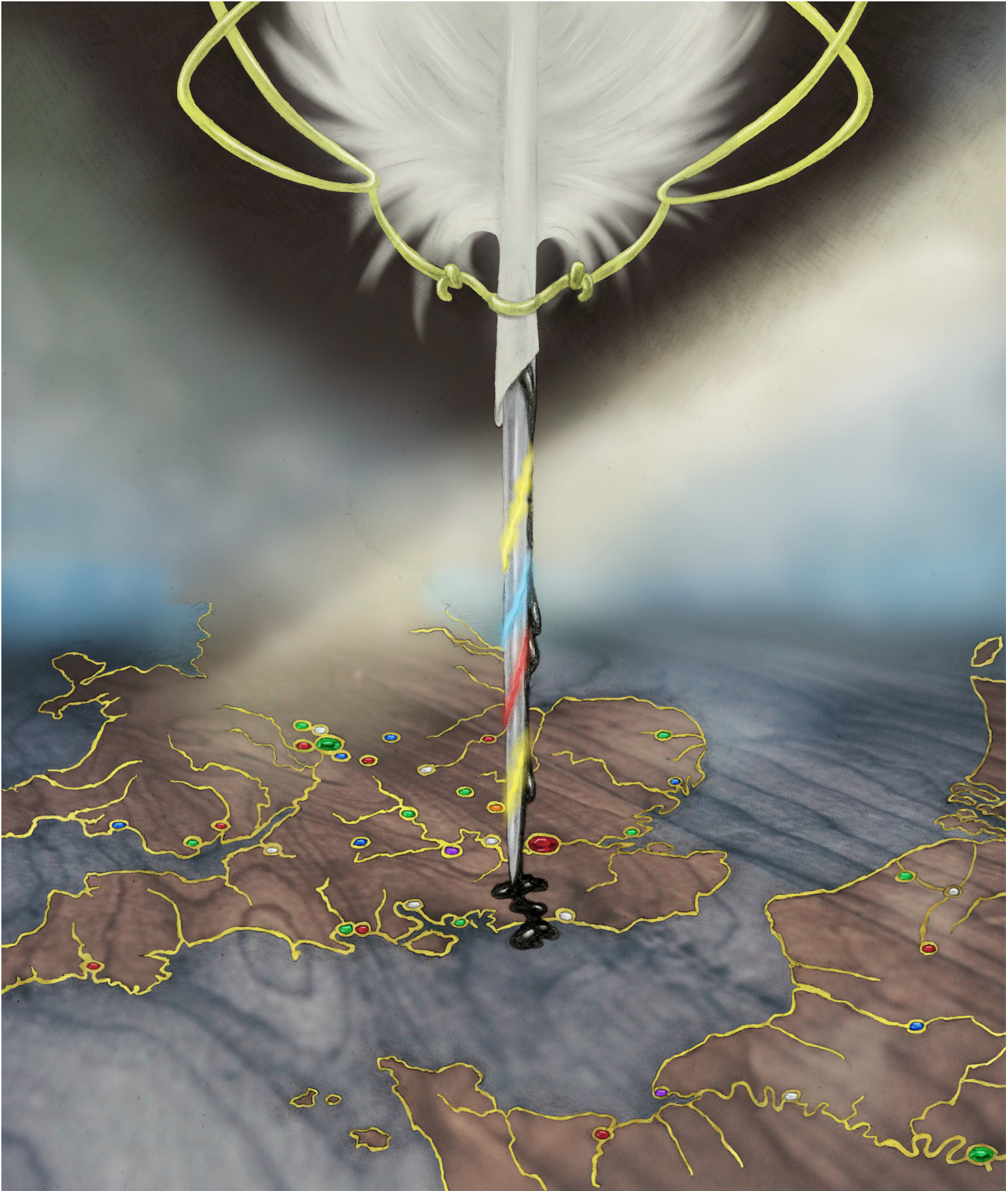
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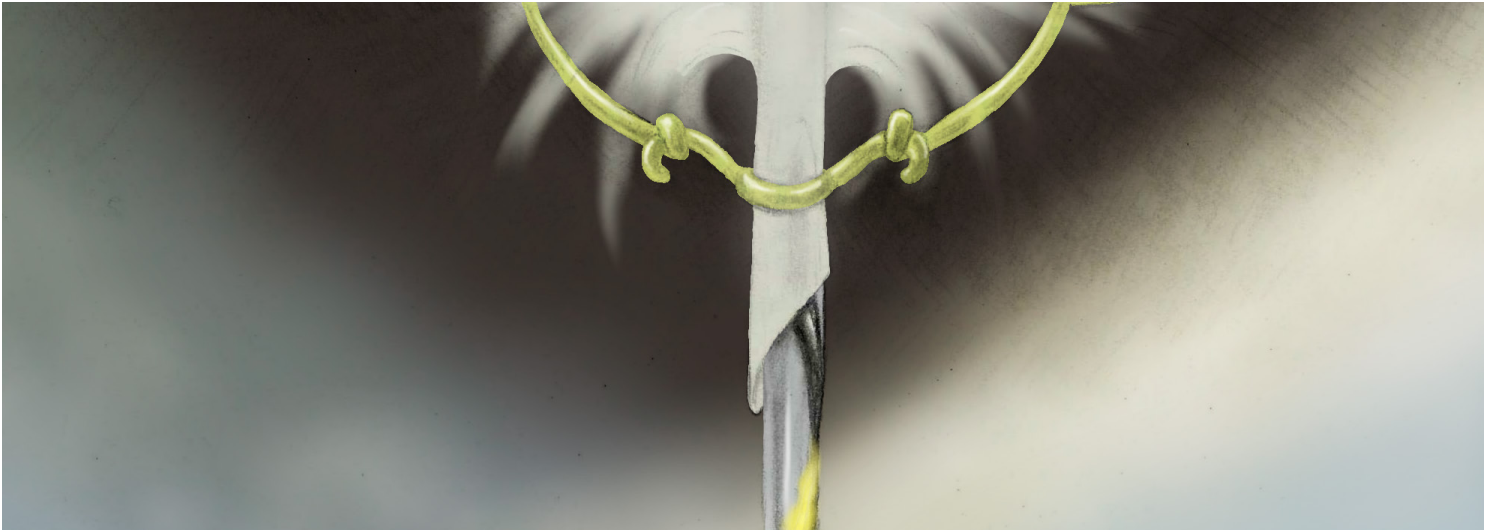




28

AS ABOVE, SO BELOW PART 2
Illustrated by Tezca



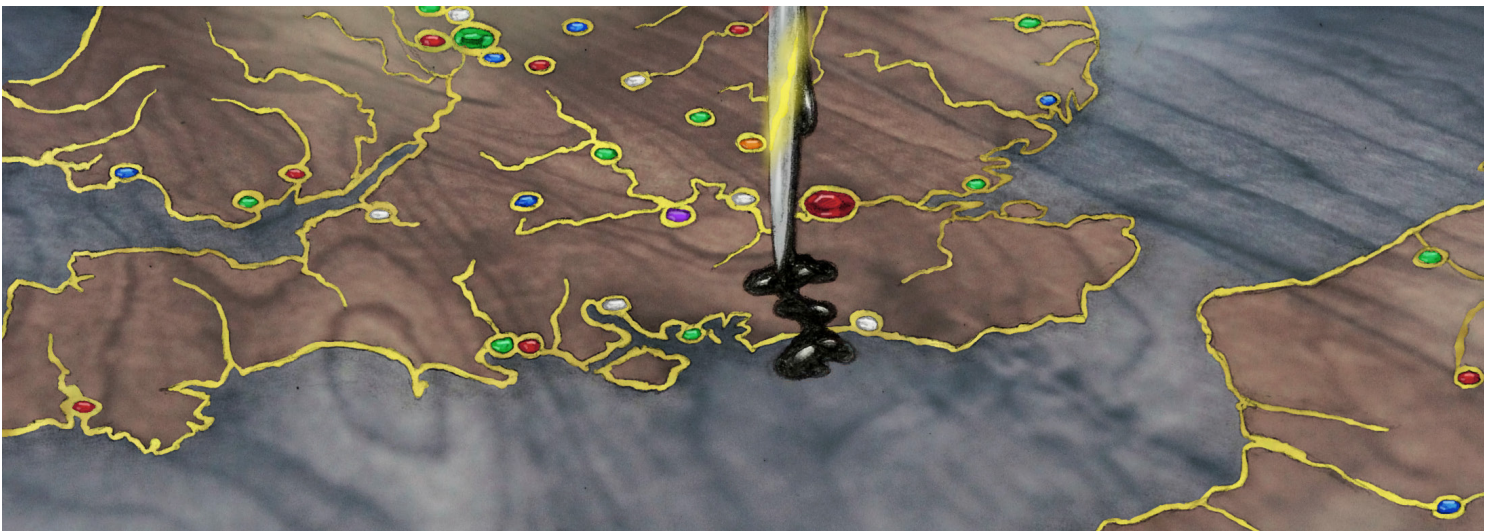


29

AS ABOVE, SO BELOW PART 3

Illustrated by Qwanderer

Gabriel leaned forward and watched, with something like confusion or horror (*Or maybe it's both*, Michael thought drunkenly), as a viscous, tarry black ichor began to ooze from the eye of the needle and flow inexorably downward.



“Did you *really* say no more messing about, once upon a time? I can’t imagine.”

Adam covered his eyes and rubbed them. When he looked up again, they were wet.

“I had to figure this out all on my own,” he said. “I am *still* figuring this shit out.”

30

HOLIKA, TWICE-BURNED

Illustrated by AJfanfic





32 ALWAYS THE BRIDESMAID PART 2

Illustrated by Khenq



Crowley studied his reflection critically in the dust-coated dressing room mirror.

He'd seldom had call for wearing cosmetics, much less stage make-up. The effect unnerved him, never mind that he'd done the job himself.

33 ALWAYS THE BRIDESMAID PART 3

Illustrated by Kakushimiko



Mandy's eyes went round as she watched. She cleared her throat, beckoned to the twins, and led them into the living room.

"News flash!" she shouted over the first blast of *Bad Romance*. "I kissed him before any of you lot ever did, so *suck it!*"

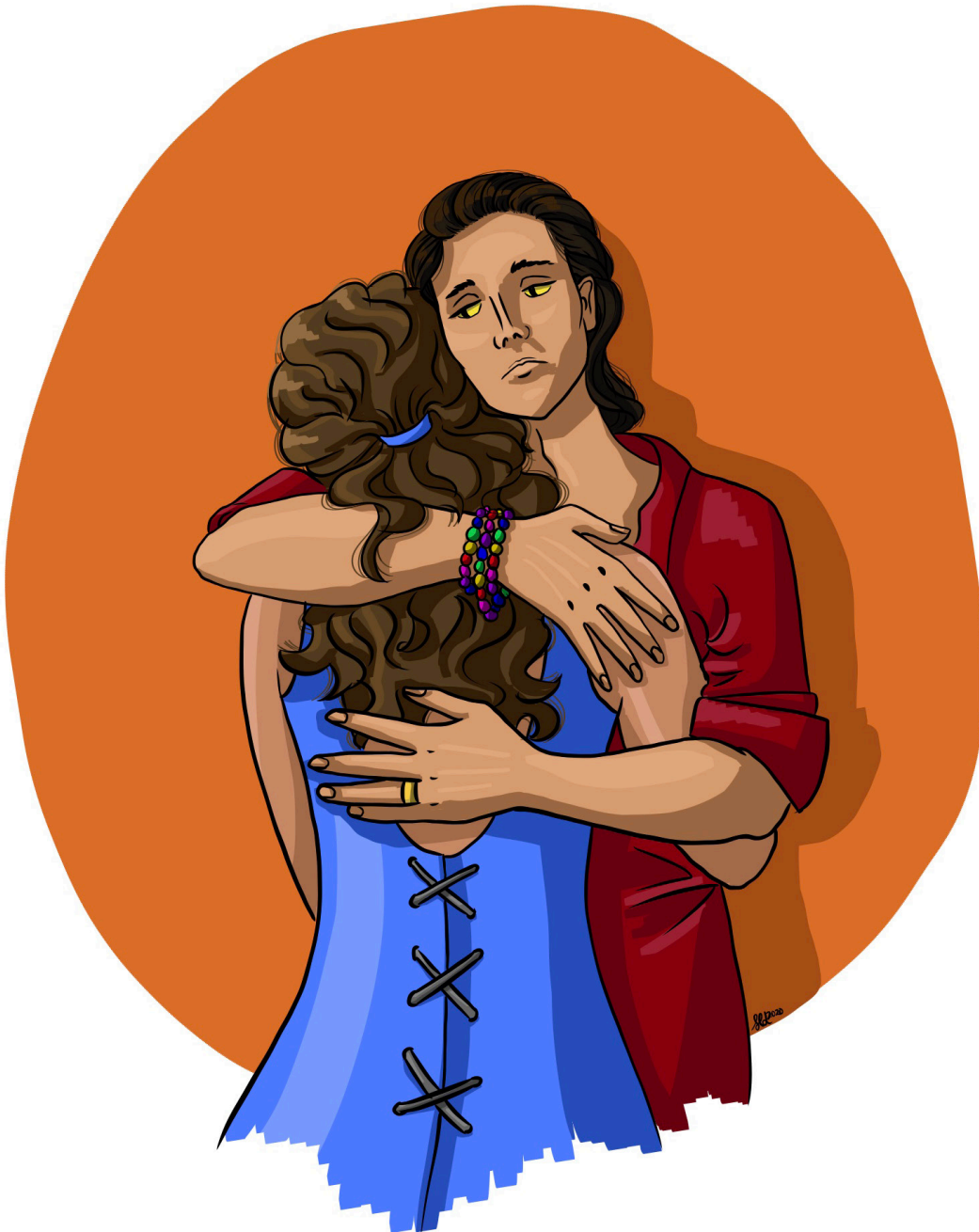
“You’ll still be here when we’re all gone and this planet’s just a garden again.”

She’d hit him all right, sunk the proverbial blade right where it needed to go.

34

NOT MY DIVISION

Illustrated by Dearest-Angel



35 MIRACULOUS ESCAPES

Illustrated by ZeTomato



“Go, go, *go*,” Crowley ordered, wrenching the bottles out of Aziraphale’s grasp. While Aziraphale made an unsteady start of climbing onto the chair, Crowley instinctively turned to glance at the couple they’d been watching for the better part of the past hour. They’d almost fought their way to the door, lost in a gaudy, well-dressed crush of inebriated bodies. Strained at arms’ length, they were finally, *finally* hand in hand.



"To new beginnings, then."

"Not to worry," said Madame Tracy, reaching across the table to pat Crowley's hand exactly as Aziraphale had, "I wouldn't *dream* of intruding. I always call ahead. And you ought to take your time, *absolutely* take your time. We've had years, old sillies like me and Mister S. No sense in rushing, bright young things like you."

Aziraphale's expression was a fairly inept impression of not quite understanding what was going on. Crowley, on the other hand, made busy drinking, because there was no way in Creation he could fake his way out of blushing six ways to Sunday. And it just happened to *be* Sunday. The last of his wine burned all the way down.

"We'd discussed traveling for a while," said Aziraphale, mercifully preventing the necessity of response on Crowley's part. "A grand tour of sorts. There are so many places we've not seen in—*er*. Not seen in ages. I should like to see Africa again. South America, perhaps. We've neglected the

Pacific of late. New Zealand. Japan."

"Australia," Crowley said into his glass, which he'd just filled with Beaujolais.

Aziraphale cleared his throat. "So much to see, so little time. Wouldn't you agree?"

"Tibet," offered Shadwell, in a rare moment of sincerity. "I always did wan' tae go."

"To new beginnings, then," said Madame Tracy, raising her glass. "To *us*."

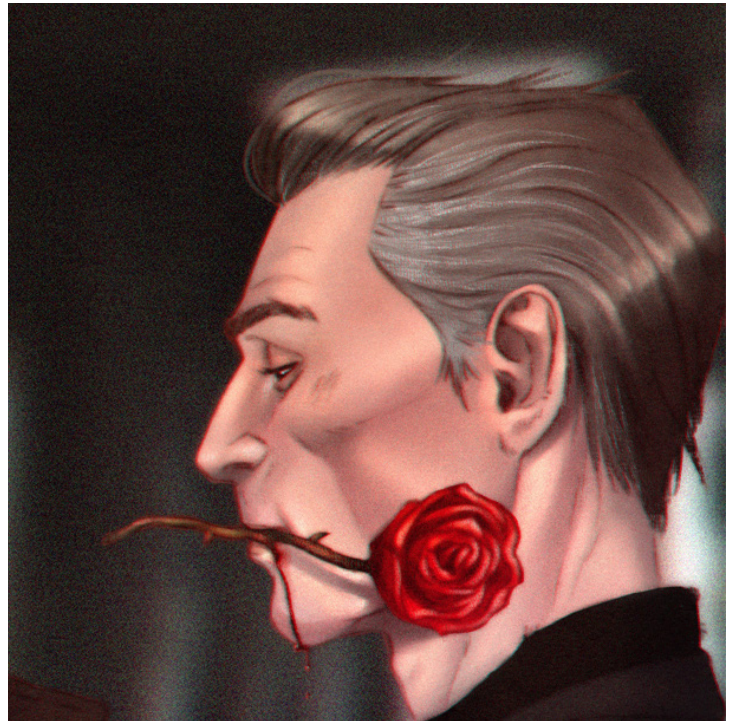
"Yeah," echoed Crowley, light-headed as Aziraphale raised his glass and took Crowley's hand.

"To, *um*—to that. Exactly what she said. And a happy..."

Aziraphale's hand was gone just as quickly as before, but that didn't matter.

(What mattered was that it would surely come again, and perhaps even stay.)





37

THE IMAGINE HASTUR FICLETS

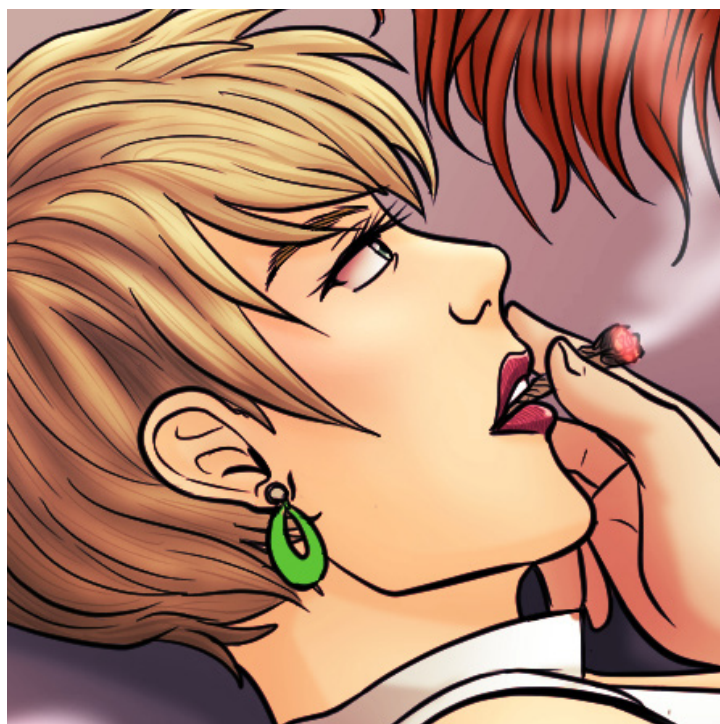
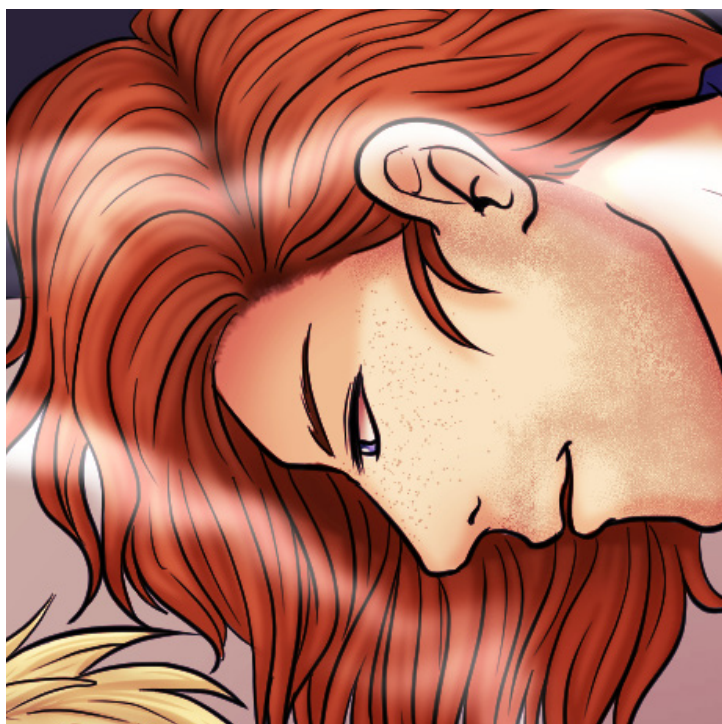
Illustrated by Petimetrek

“This is workin’ about as well as before,” observed Ligur, frustrated, stopping mid-stride. “You ’ave no sense of timin’ whatsoever.”

“Maybe it’s because you haven’t got a rose in your mouth,” said Hastur, sarcastically. “At least you’d keep bloody quiet, and I could *concentrate*.”

Ligur grinned: slow, wide, and terrible around the stem suddenly clenched between his teeth. A thorn snagged his lower lip, pierced it, sent a dark trickle of blood down his chin.

“Er,” said Hastur, somewhat distractedly. “From the top?”



38

FOUR ARCHANGELIC FLASHBACKS Illustrated by CatofApocalypse

"Fuck you," Uriel mutters. One long drag and several second-hand lungfuls and she's already too dizzily relaxed to say much else. She tries to dislodge Raphael's fingers from her hair, but suddenly he's looming over her and the fag's back between her lips.

She sucks, hard, and tastes cinders.

"That's my girl," Raphael purrs, plucking away what's left of it. He leans to kiss her, deep and hungry, and, strangely enough, Uriel doesn't feel like pulling away. She wraps her arms around his neck and shifts on the chaise, fixing the angle.

"No," she says. "You're my girl. I thought we had this sorted."



He laughed, short and wistful. "But let it be, Horatio.
I am dead; thou livest. Report me and my cause aright
to the unsatisfied."

*He remembers the lines, thought Aziraphale, amazed,
every word, as clearly as I do.*

39

ACTIONS WE MIGHT PLAY

Illustrated by Ouida



40 MY AFTERLYFE FOR A HAMMER

Illustrated by Qwanderer

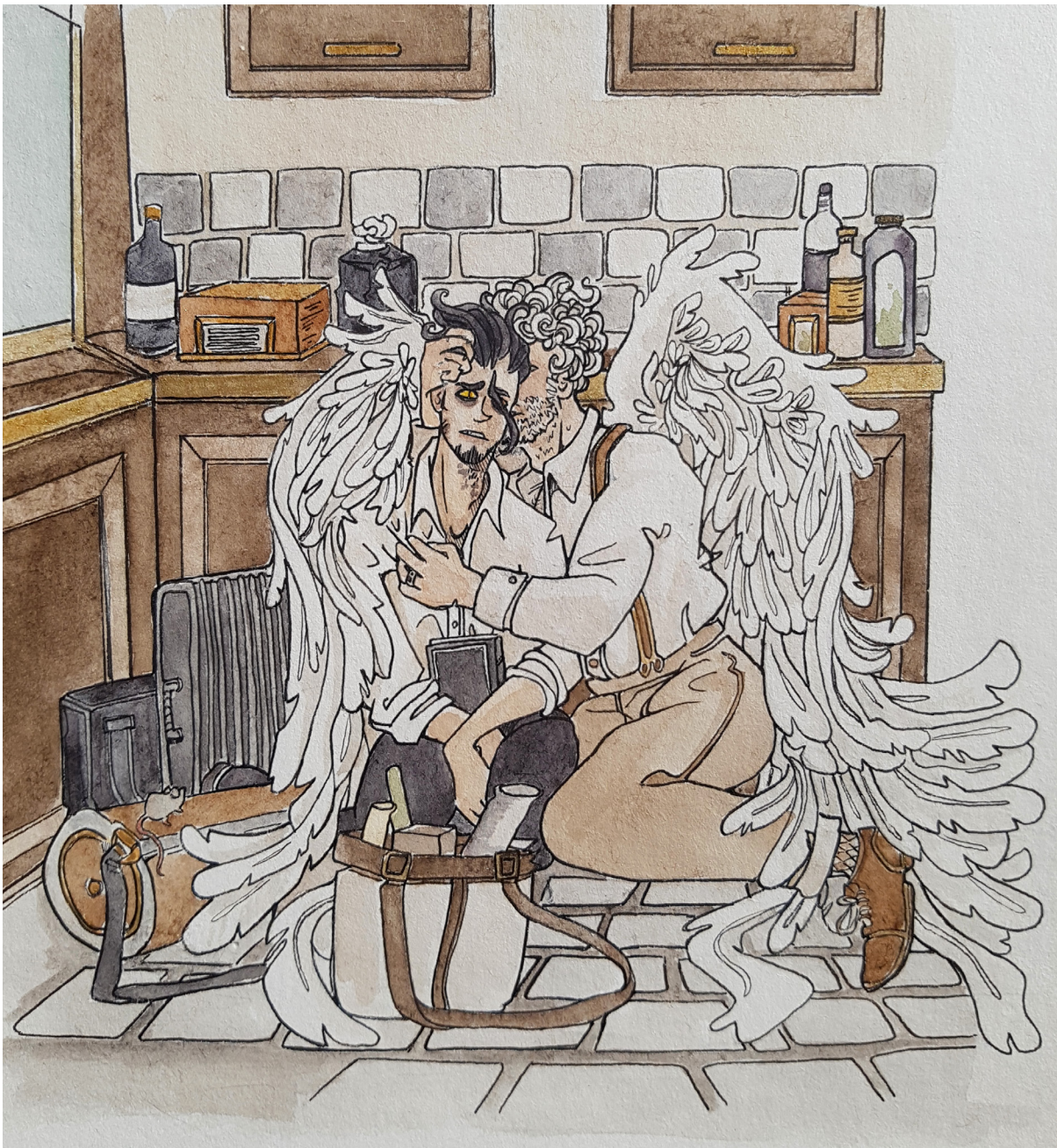


41 & 42

WORLD WITHOUT END

Illustrated by Grin





"I don't know what to do," said Mandy, helplessly. "With this. What am I supposed to believe? And who would even believe me if I told them? What would you do if I did tell?"

"We'd be gone before you even knew to go looking," said Aziraphale. "And I'd erase the memory of every last soul in this village and its environs if that's what it would take."

"You'd do that without saying goodbye?" Mandy demanded. "If what's what it would take?"

Crowley laughed bitterly, and then said something that sounded like *We'd best not unpack*.

"Simply put, I'd do anything to keep him safe," said Aziraphale. "He's been through enough."

43 MATTERS OF INCONVENIENCE

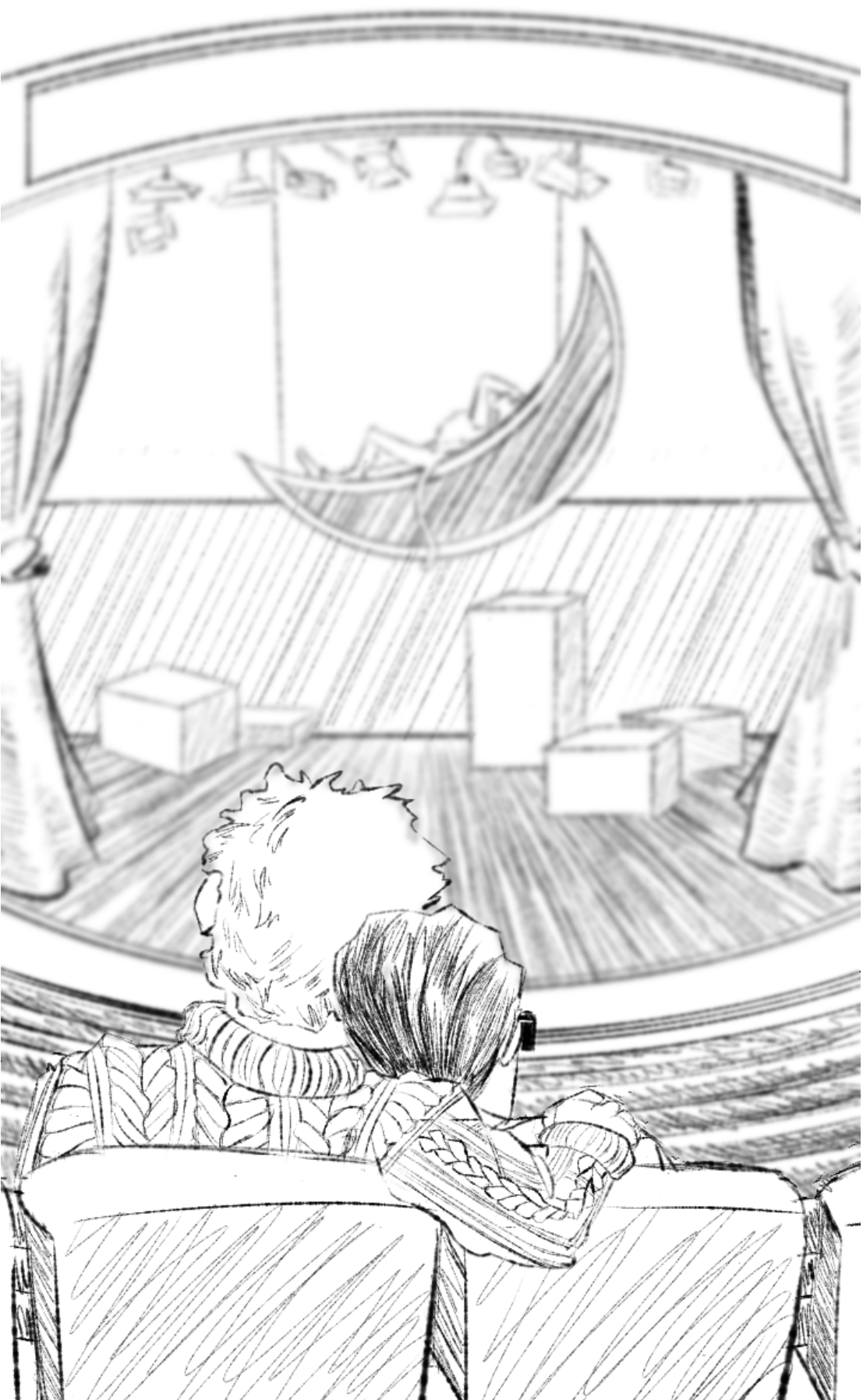
Illustrated by AJfanfic



“This ending had *better* well be happy,” Crowley insisted,
“because brave is what they are.”

44 WEST-ENDERS

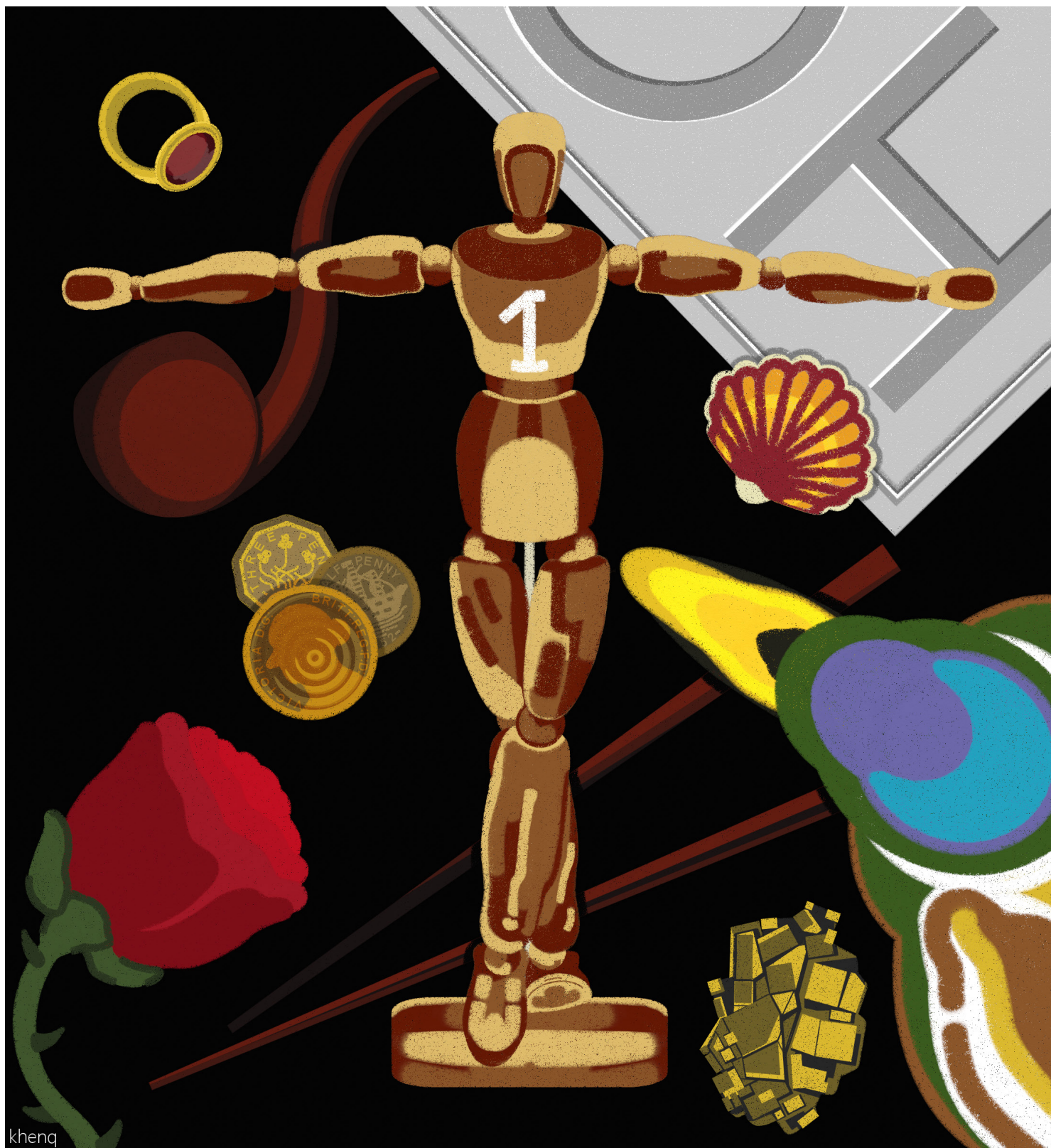
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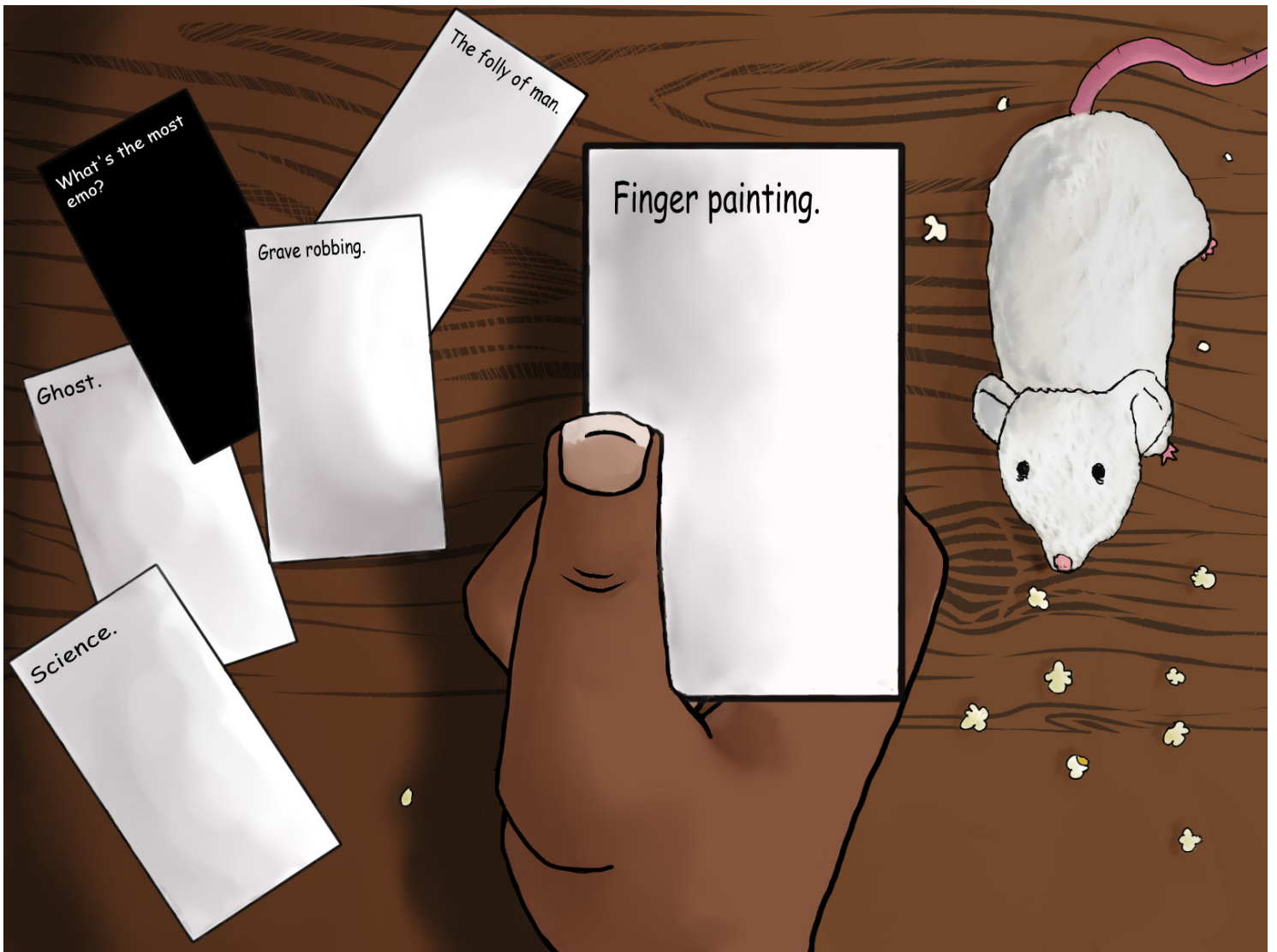


45

ANY OTHER NAME

Illustrated by Khenq





46

IT'S ALL FUN AND GAMES Illustrated by Chonaku

Crowley narrowed his eyes at Aziraphale. "You played *Science*, didn't you? Newton, is it?"

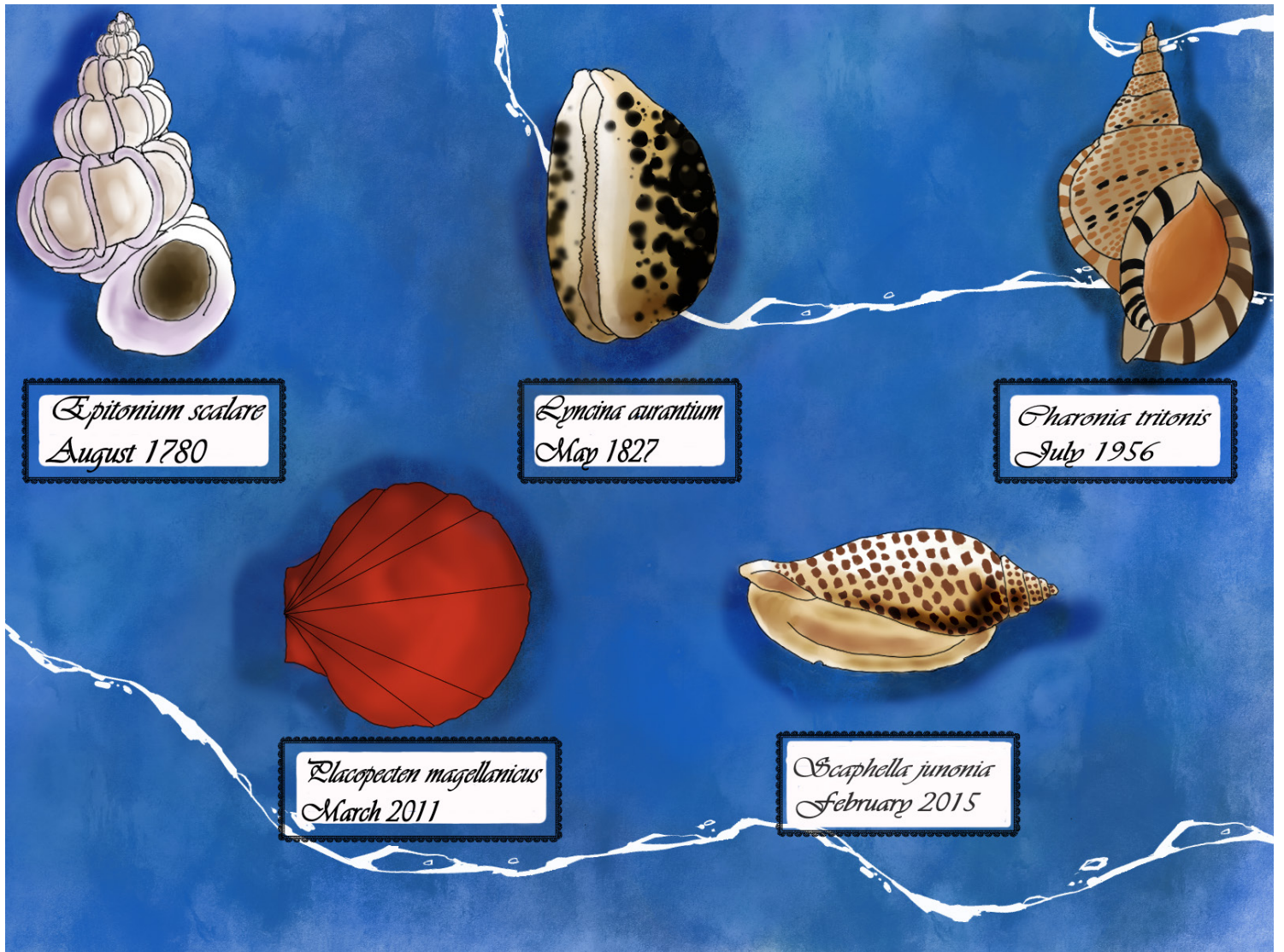
"You had as much contact with Sir Isaac as I had, if not more," Aziraphale sniffed, but he brushed his sock-covered toe along Crowley's bare instep in appreciation. "You were *Grave robbing*, yes?"

“If you could have anything for your collection, any shell in the world—?”
Aziraphale wondered.

47

INVENTORY

Illustrated by Chonaku



48 DESERVES ANOTHER

Illustrated by Chonaku



49 UNTIL SOMEONE OPENS THEIR EYES

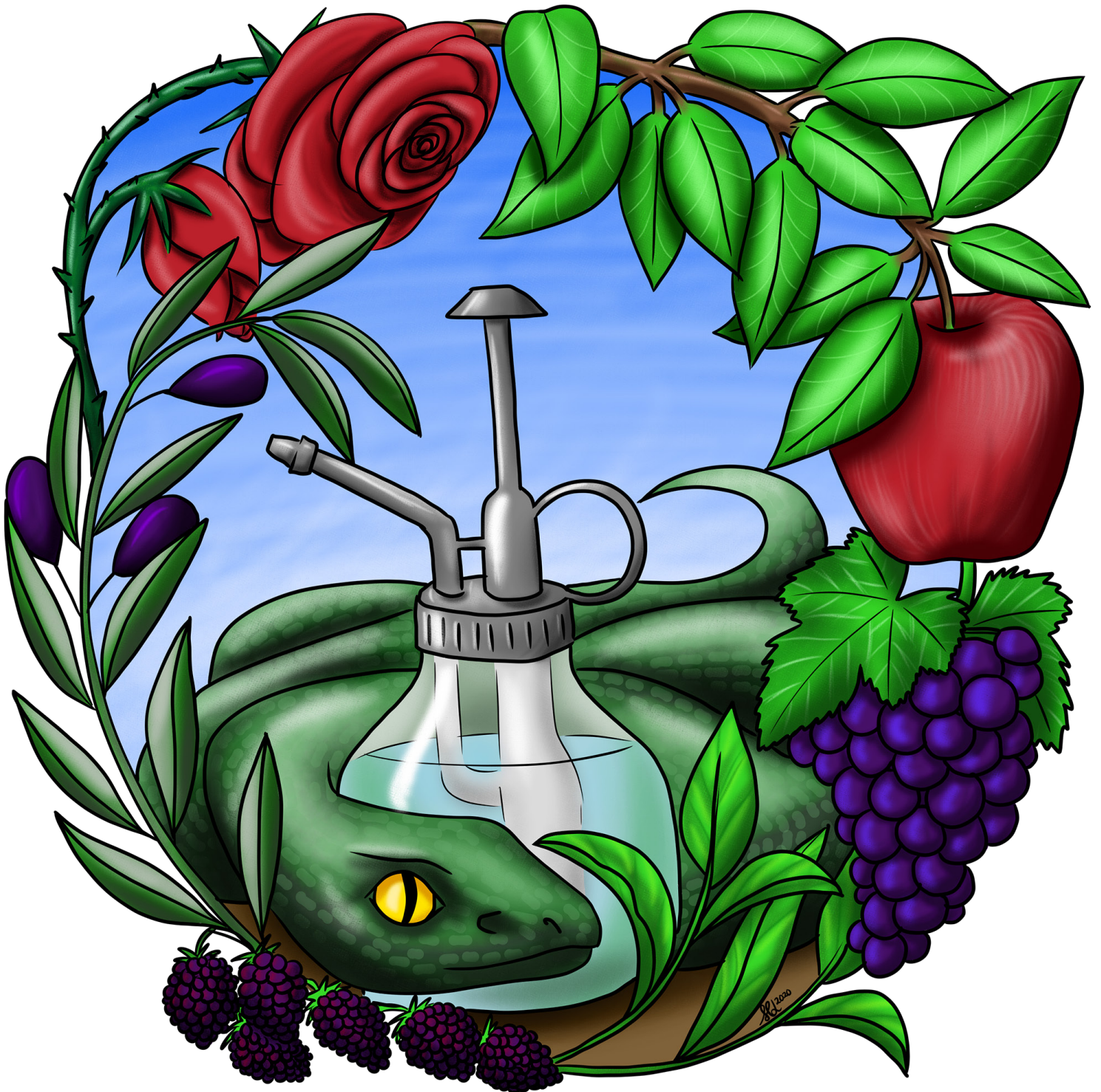
Illustrated by Tezca



50

GARDEN VARIETY

Illustrated by Dearest-Angel





51

SAFE AS HOUSES

Illustrated by Kakushimiko

“Mad as all Bedlam,” Hastur mused, showing jagged teeth again. “We shall have him.”

“Yes,” Crowley agreed, injecting every last ounce of camaraderie he felt into his tone.

“That’s—not possible,” whispered the angel, harshly.

52

THE FIRST STORM

Illustrated by Grin





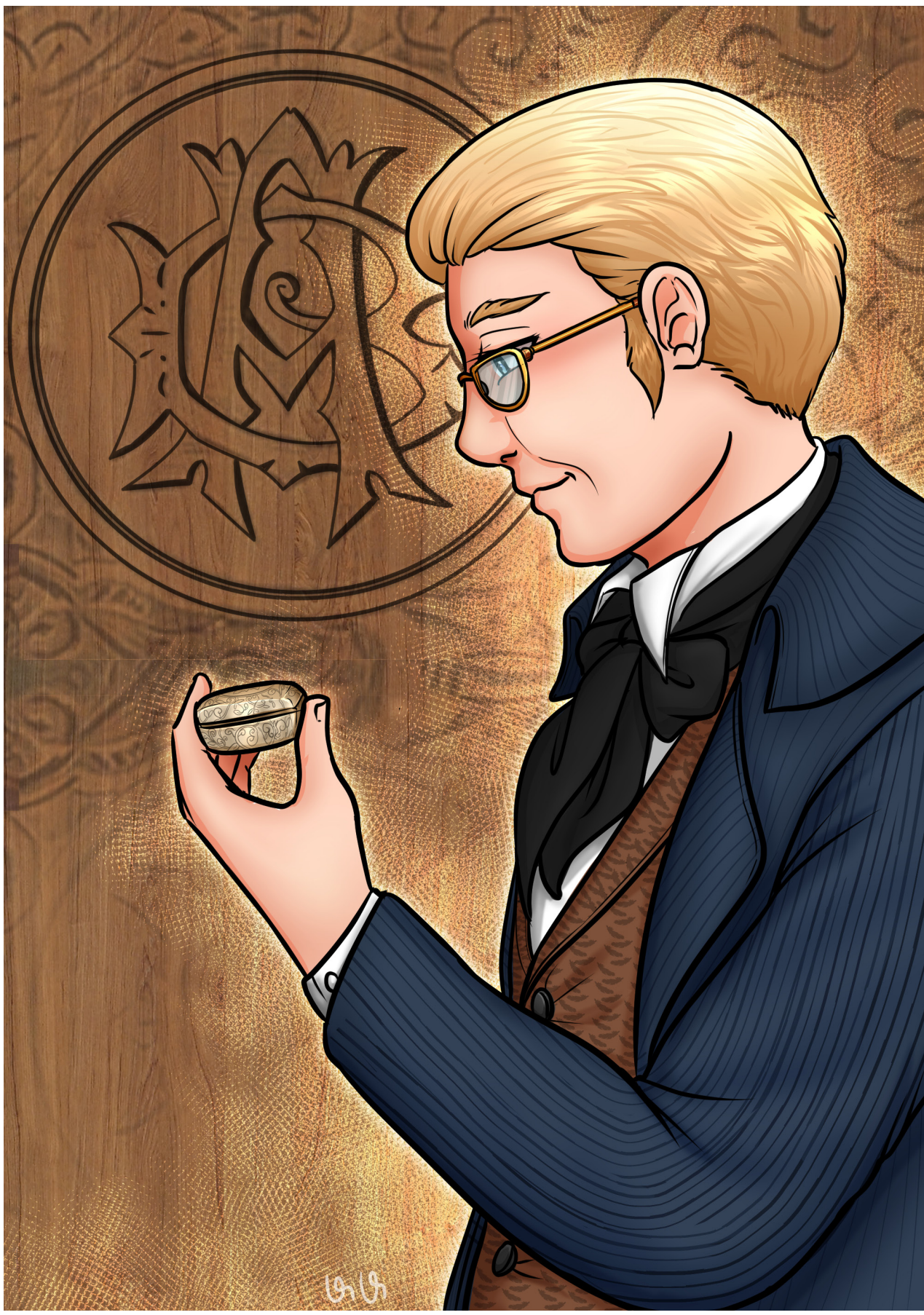
53

THE KNOWLEDGE OF ALL THINGS Illustrated by Khenq

Leonardo shrugged, winking at him, and went to pack up the sketch.
"I could do far worse."

And I could love you, perhaps, Crowley thought, but losing you, I couldn't stand.

54 KEEPSAKE
Illustrated by CatofApocalypse





55

GARLANDS Illustrated by Jeebs

"You're running out of space," Aziraphale chided, holding up his glass. "Soon, I shall have to insist you begin selling the run-off on eBay. Either that or commission someone to build more shelving."

BACKWARD GLANCE

Illustrated by Tio-Trile





Anat coughed, touching the bleeding cut on her cheek. “What the *fuck*,” she demanded, struggling to her feet, throwing off Crowley’s hand when he offered it, “was that?”

Crowley lifted his chin, nodding at the two not-so-distant bonfires visible over her shoulder. He was too drained to speak, much less explain what in Go—Sa—*Somebody’s* name was going on.

“What have we here?” asked an unfamiliar voice from behind him. “Another who’d look back?”

Anat froze, her eyes darting helplessly to one side, but she didn’t turn her head. “Sir, *please*.”

“Whatever else you get up to, you buggers still have a *choice*. When will you use it wisely?”

“Is that what you did?” Adam countered. “Back when you decided to step in and muck up the Plan?”

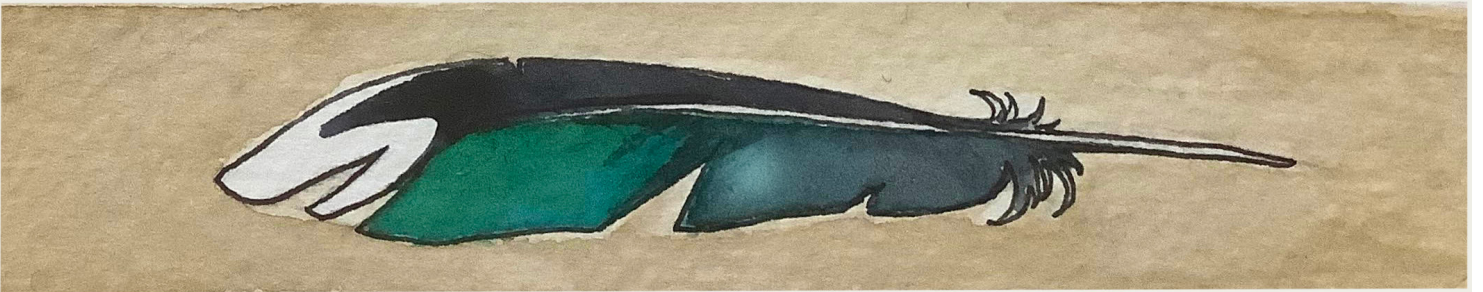
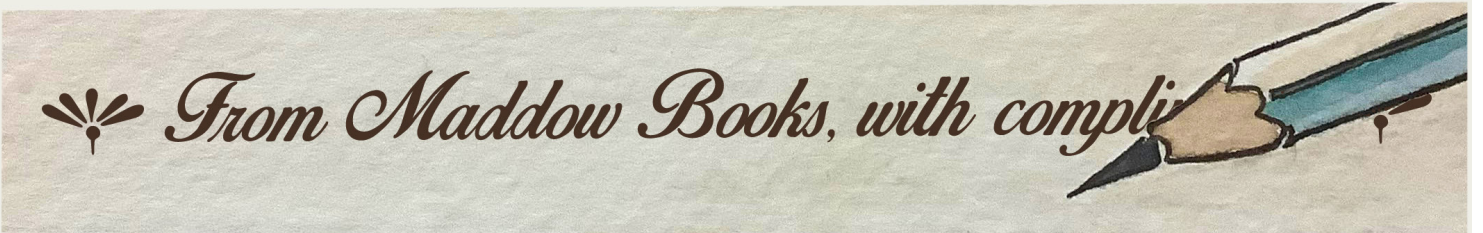
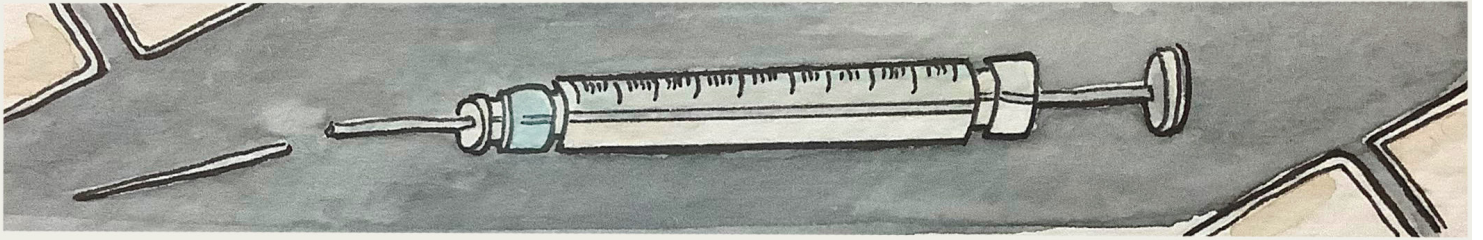
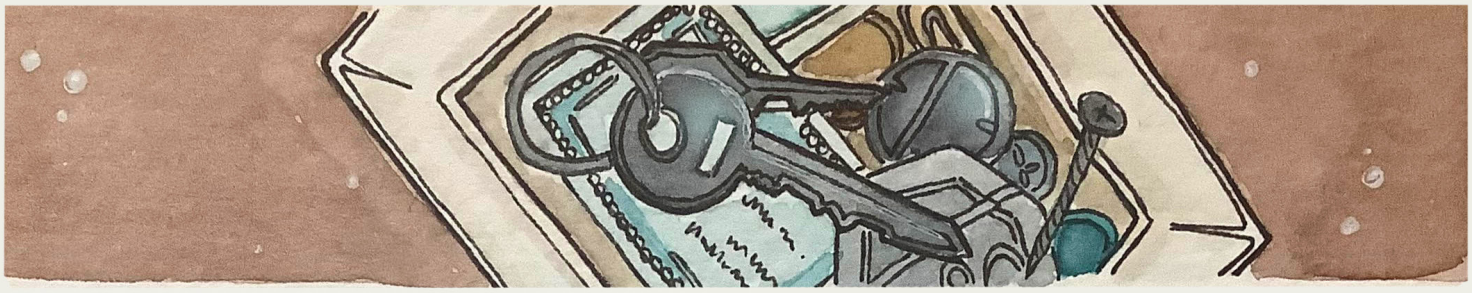
“I’d like to think so,” said Crowley, earnestly rubbing his temples. “I really, *really* would.”

57

ORDINARY CONCEPTIONS

Illustrated by Tio-Trile





59

DANCE AT MY WEDDING

Illustrated by Dearest-Angel





60

THROUGH GLASSES, DARKLY Illustrated by Firefly

Finally frustrated with the run-around, Aziraphale unlocked and opened the bedroom door faster than Crowley could re-lock it again. All that was visible above the quilt-covered lump was Crowley's disarrayed hair—longer than usual, unkempt, with a hint of wave to it.

61 SMALL HAUNTINGS

Illustrated by Qwanderer



“Wish I could wash you away,” Pippa mumbled, brushing harder than necessary, “into the beyond.”

There's where you're in a pickle, Pip, said Harold, reluctantly, as she spat and rinsed. This is as much a corner of the beyond as, well, the beyond itself. You're all bound up in it.

63 FOR SORROW
Illustrated by Hatsuka



62 CLOTHED WITH
THE SUN
Illustrated by Kakushimiko



64 FOR MIRTH

Illustrated by Chonaku



Chapters 62-68 were illustrated in collaboration with Qwanderer, who designed the Celtic knot elements

65 FOR MOURNING

Illustrated by HatsuAka



66 FOR REBIRTH
Illustrated by Ecchima



68 FOR THE DEVIL
HIMSELF
Illustrated by
Goodomenswar



67 FOR HEAVEN
AND HELL
Illustrated by Chonaku



69

BOOK BURNING

Illustrated by Ouida





70

MEMORY LANE

Illustrated by Kakushimiko

“You went away there for a bit,” she said tentatively. “It’s been happening a lot since spring.”

“Well, a lot’s been happening,” Crowley replied, overstating the obvious, “and it’s still spring.”

Removing Crowley’s other arm from his face, Sophia arranged him in the grass. When Crowley opened his eyes, she knelt beside him.

After about thirty minutes of haphazard squelching about through muddy underbrush and unpleasantly dripping flora, Crowley found the angel sitting on a grassy rise that sloped down to—well, it was too large to be a puddle, but not large enough to be a lake.

71

SETTING PRECEDENT

Illustrated by Firefly



72 DANCING AROUND IT

Illustrated by CatofApocalypse



AN INVITATION YOU CAN'T DECLINE

Illustrated by CatofApocalypse





74

CROSSROADS

Illustrated by Chonaku

The man was dressed very much as men everywhere tended to dress. He stood at the crossroads not far from Agnes's home. One lock of dark, scarcely-waving hair fell across his temple as he studied a piece of creased parchment clutched in his hands, obscuring his eyes.



Rani's terraced house was on the opposite side of town, tucked between two other houses that looked nearly identical. The snarled fairy lights on her front gate were the give-away.

"The ivy was here when we moved in," explained Pippa, with a sweeping gesture at the vast runners Jaime was contemplating. "Harold was ever so good at keeping after it, but..."



"Intact shell," he said, holding it up, "but inhabited. Crowley wouldn't evict a hermit crab."

"Yes, best to put it back," Aziraphale agreed, squinting as the light caught in Raphael's hair.



WHERE WE START

Illustrated by Qwanderer

"Let's speak of happier things," Pippa said, touching the back of Crowley's hand. "How is the garden? The ducklings? Your apples and roses?"

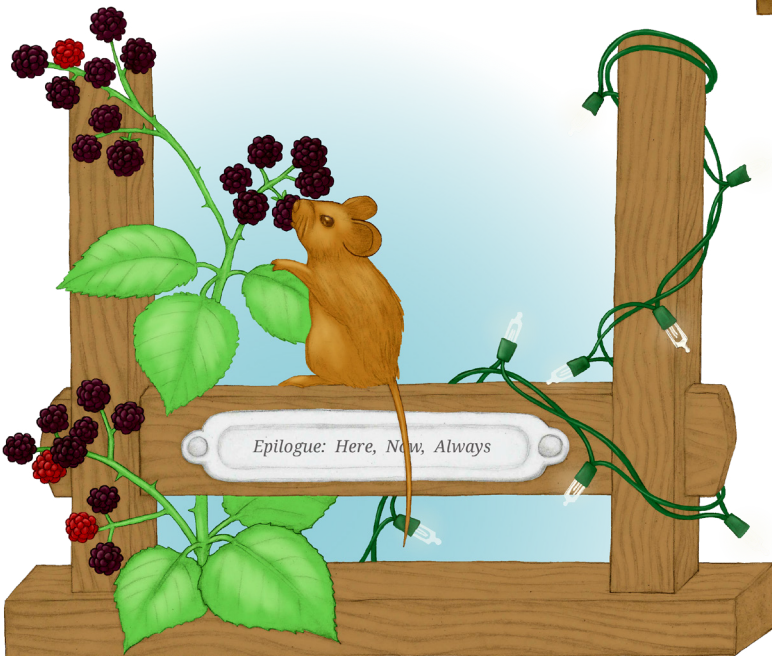


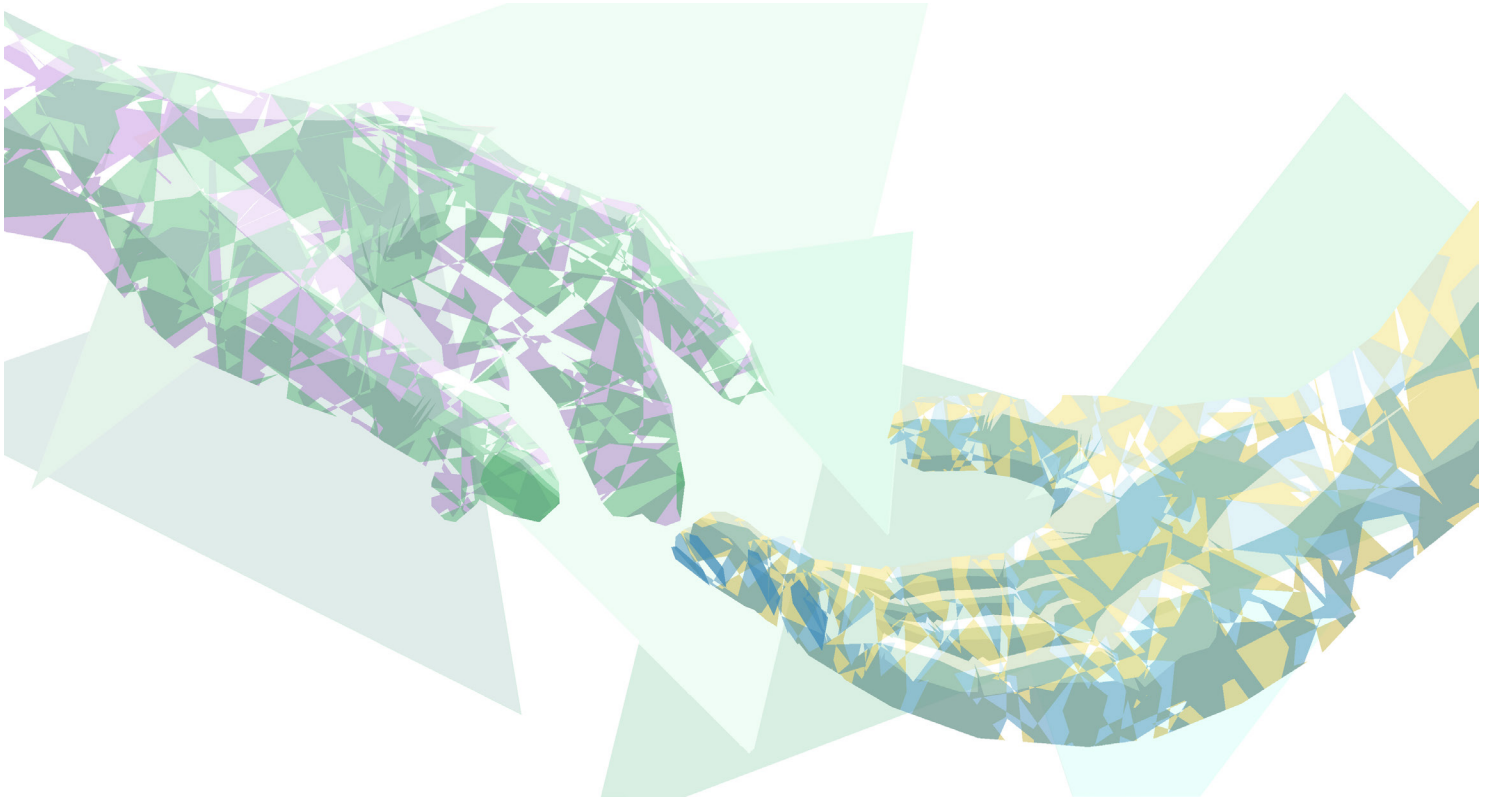
"In great pain," he murmured, shaking his head. "One of His crueler curses, if you ask me."

"Never wanted to try it," Uriel replied, taking another drag. "Not even to know what it's like."



Outside in the fairy-light strewn garden, Rob had dragged Crowley to a stop next to one of Anathema's potted plants. From the look of it, he was receiving an animated lecture.





76

THE IMAGINE HASTUR EPILOGUE

Illustrated by Firefly

The human's eyes soften as they reach, but it's not Hastur's hand they catch.

"No," they say, fingers cool against Ligur's palm. "I loved them first, but I loved you, too. I did the best I could."

Ligur sniffs, deciding there's no shame in it since Hastur is in the same boat.

Nodding, he grasps the human's hand, shaking it for the first and last time.

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“D’you realize,” Crowley said, “that we never tire of things humans get bored with on the regular?”

Aziraphale shrugged, lazily basking.

“I’ve always assumed it’s that we don’t tire of each other.”

— CROWN OF THORNS:

THE WALLS, THE WAINSCOT, AND THE MOUSE